THE PRATLER.

By NICHOLAS BABBLER, Esq.

Utile Dulci.

The SECOND EDITION,
Corrected and improved by the AUTHOR.

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PRAYER.

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XXVIII. Essay

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THE PRATER.

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NUMB. I. Saturday, March 13, 1756.

Let them cenſure, what care I,
The Herd of Criticks I defy.

PRIOR.

From my own apartment in Henrietta-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.

I AM an elderly man, [illegible] years, but have all my ſenſes perfect, and [illegible] a large fund of [illegible], for which invaluable bleſſings, I pour out my ſincereſt thanks to the all-good diſpenſer of them, every night when I repoſe upon my pillow, and every morning as ſoon as my eye-lids are uncloſed: I was always of an

17

B inquiſitive

inquisitive, communicative disposition, and have been so long celebrated for my easy conversation, for my facetiousness, that I begin to think myself qualified to prate to a larger circle. My friends have flatter'd me into a belief that I have as much right to attract the attention of the town as the daily, weekly, and monthly chatterers of the age; and where is the Man who can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, "Flattery, thou hast no influence over me."

I have read many books, I have conversed with a great number of my fellow-creatures of both sexes, and I have made a great many observations on the former and on the latter, which are treasured up in a huge folio, not much smaller than a volume of *Johnson's* Dictionary.

From this huge folio, (which I always pore over with the highest satisfaction, and the most cordial delight, because it is filled with the productions of my own brain) I intend to select, from time to time, such observations, as I think will be most likely to make the hours glide away in attention and in all polite companies with approbation, and echoed with applause. I shall also, in order to keep up the character I assume with propriety

A blunt but very honeſt neighbour of mine,

B 2 "lately

own private advantage.

When a first paper makes its appearance in the poet-houses, which may not improperly be called *Nurseries of Criticism*; all the word-catchers and syllable-weighers, will, I suppose, be mighty busy in grubbing over it, and endeavouring to shew the depth of their understanding, and the elegance of their taste, by shaking their heads at the *Dullness of the Similies* and turning up their noses at the *Flatness of the Diction*: in short, by finding some glaring blemish, some shocking absurdity in every paragraph. These cavillers deserve the severest epithets, because they use all their efforts to extinguish the least spark of merit in a performance, and fasten on all the imperfections in it, with a malicious joy. Critics of this stamp put me in mind of Captain Bluster in the play, for they examine a poem of an elegant as he examines *Master Stephen's Person*, only to find a flaw in it. No indigent fortune-hunter can take more pains to win the affections of a well-

well-portion'd maiden, or a well jointured widow, than theſe *malevoli* take to undermine an author's reputation!—But I will not ruffle my temper about them, for fear I ſhould render myſelf unable to follow my plain dealing friend's wholeſome advice.

To conclude this introductory diſcourſe to a larger work, I *ſtoop* to the *Clemency* of the public, and hope I ſhall be heard patiently. I will not preſume to aſſure my readers (for vanity is my averſion) that I ſhall always *ſhine*, but I promiſe them I will always try with unwearied diligence, to make myſelf *agreeable*. I am not extremely anxious about popular applauſe, yet I ſhould be horribly diſconcerted to ſee my lucubrations condemned to line trunks, hand-boxes, and patty-pans.

The greateſt geniuſſes have their drowſy, as well as their ſprightly intervals; their hours of dejection, as well as their hours of gaiety; and if NICHOLAS BABBLE ſhould ſometimes *take a Nap*, (for old folks are apt to be ſleepy) let the good natur'd reader remember, that *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* and *Neſtor Ironſide*, my ever-honoured predeceſſors, *nodded* before me.

Thou, *Novelty*, art *my* Goddeſs.

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years ago in a public character, translated (not meerly done into English from the Italian) has

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NUMB. II. Saturday, March 29, 1752.

If Folly grows romantic, I must paint it.

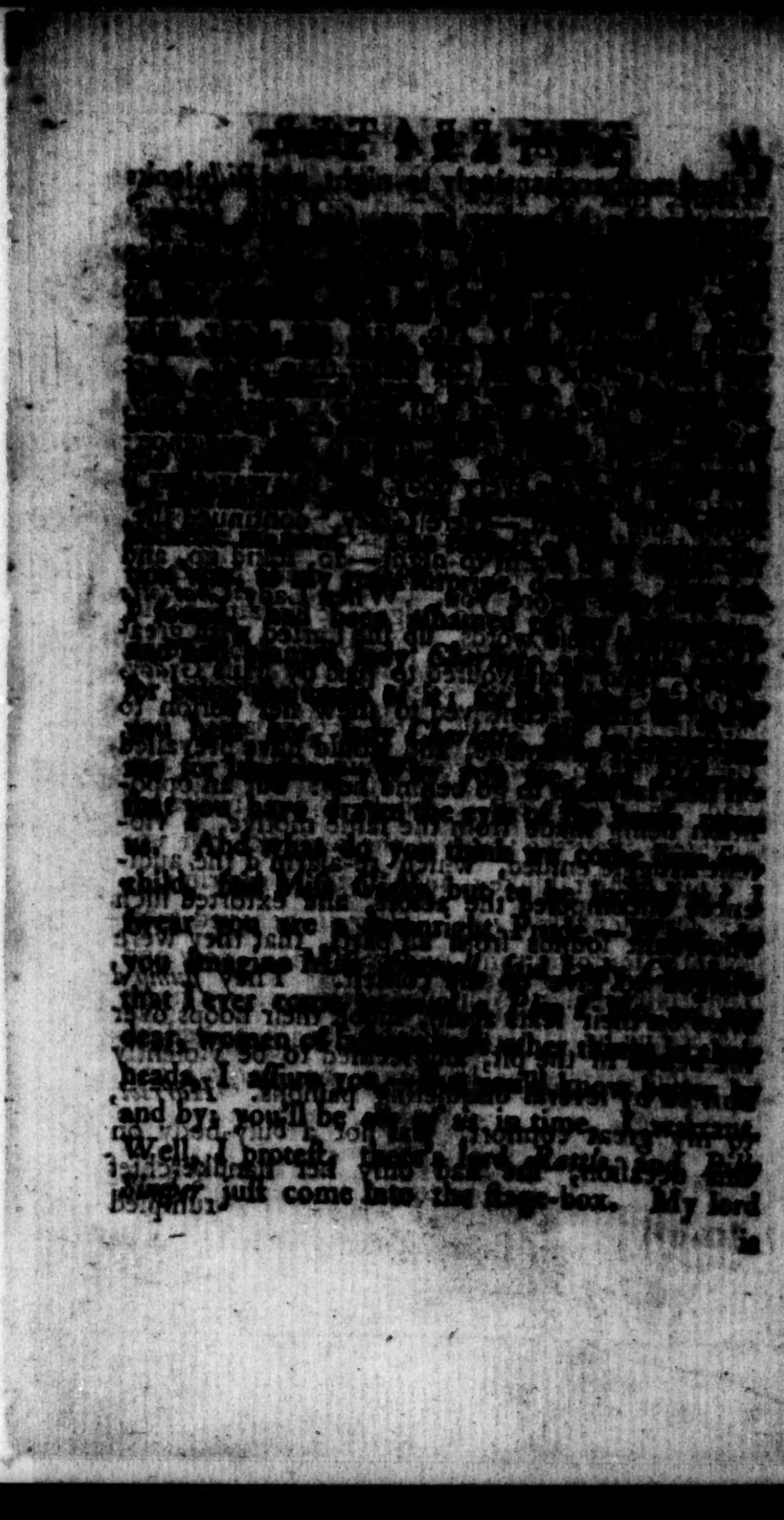
MY neighbour Mr. Limrock has a very agreeable daughter about eighteen. She is tall, straight, well-made, genteel and good-humoured, but too fond of dress, fashionable keeping fashionable hours, and pursuing fashionable diversions: in short, of being thought a very fine lady in every respect. Her father doats on her because she is the picture of an amiable wife whom he buried some years ago, and though not quite blind to her foibles, is loth to tell her what he thinks of them, for fear he should, by so doing, lessen her affection for him, and render her obliging behaviour to him rather the effect of duty than of inclination. As there has subsisted an intimacy between us, ever since our boyish days, he

I hope you will meet with success in your [illegible] undertaking.——How did your [illegible] [illegible] go off? 'Tis impoſſible, ſaid I, for an Author to know whether he ſhall meet with encouragement from the Town, by the ſale of his firſt Paper; but I'll tell you more of the matter by and bye, for I propoſe to ſpend the evening with your Papa. O dear Mr. BABBLE, ſaid ſhe, I am glad you will come, and chat with my Papa, because I am engaged; for Miſs Giddy is to introduce me to Lady Charlotte Whirligig, who is to take me to ſee Romeo— Pſhaw, cried I with an affected peeviſhneſs, what ſignifies your engagement with that *mad-cap*? O! there's more depends upon it, ſaid ſhe, than you imagine, Sir; for Lady *Charlotte*'s acquaintance will be of infinite ſervice to me. But be that as it will, the party's made, and I *muſt* go.—With theſe words ſhe quitted the room. As I found that my friend's thoughtfulneſs was increaſed by his daughter's lively ſpeech, I ſpoke to him thus: "Don't make yourſelf uneaſy about her; I am going alſo to *Covent-Garden*, and will place myſelf commodiouſly enough to ſee how my Ward behaves when ſhe imagines ſhe is out of the reach of our prying eyes." He approved of my ſcheme. I have no doubts, ſaid he, of *Harriet*'s diſcretion

[illegible] I ought to be seated commodiously, that I may amuse myself, and look about me before the stage-scene is drawn up. I went thither at half an hour after five. I turned my eye frequently towards the box in which I saw Lady *Charlotte*'s livery, and which it was fix by my watch, expected with impatience to see the dear creatures make their *public entry*. But I expected in vain. Another half hour slipt away, but no *Harriet*! at last, just at seven o'Clock, when Miss *Bellamy* was in the middle of a very interesting scene, in bounced lady *Charlotte*, Miss *Giddy*, and Miss *Airmuell*. The two first Ladies *fidgetted up and down* near a quarter of an hour, before they could place themselves to advantage, that is, make themselves conspicuous; but I had the satisfaction to observe that *Harriet* entered the box with a becoming dignity, and seated herself in a short time, without assuming any coquettish airs. I also took notice with great

pleasure, that her neck was [illegible] with a handkerchief, [illegible] the expression) while [illegible] ons were quite [illegible] ful simplicity in [illegible] lady *Charlotte* and Miss *Giddy*, were [illegible] adorned with jewels and ribbons, toys and trinkets, from head to foot. When they had [illegible] engrossed the attention of the house, I was in hopes they would have condescended to listen to the play: but I soon found they made not their appearance there, with so vulgar, so unfashionable a design. Lady *Charlotte* laying her two elbows on the edge of the box, began to chatter away so fluently and so loudly, and accompanied her words with so many convulsive motions in her head, neck and eyes, and so many bursts of laughter, that two thirds of the audience rose up, and hiss'd their dislike to such ill-timed merriment, such unseasonable levity. *Harriot* behaved very decently for some time, and only smiled now and then, just enough to display a few pretty dimples and a fine set of teeth, but at length talked as fast, and laughed as loudly, as her *ladyship* and Miss *Giddy*.

I have



[illegible] made enchantingly [illegible]

[illegible] Dooley [illegible]

them prettily — [illegible]

them late, and the [illegible] No, [illegible]

not play!— but I and the [illegible]

to change places; what will [illegible]

but the [illegible]

and when they see every body look [illegible]

follow the crowd.—Here Grizzy, continued the, the [illegible] to-night—do, stand up, and let me come before you. When Lady Charlotte had uttered these words, up she started with great agility, and endeavoured to pass by Miss Grizzy, who, striving, contrived to shew her person to the greatest advantage, and would have prevailed on her ladyship to go behind her. But an opposition being made from the same motive, a violent struggle ensued, which re-alarm'd the audience, discomposed the actors, and extorted such discordant sounds from all parts, that they were obliged to give up the contest. They *jump'd down* on their seats again, stuck their hoops over the heads in the pit, and seemed to be violently flurried by several disquieting passions. *Harriot*, to my great comfort, was not a busy-body on this occasion, she had only her handkerchief rumpled

rumpled by Miss *Giddy's* petticoat, and a patch which [illegible] all [illegible] near her left eye, rubbed off by [illegible] *Charles's* [illegible]. This [illegible] me so much, that I retired in a peevish humour to my lodgings, and did not say, *good night* [illegible] [illegible] mildly [illegible] I take my candle from her and go to my bed-chamber.

I visited *Harriet* the next morning, rallied her very severely before her father, for behaving so indiscreetly; and set forth the unseasonable levity of her companions in the strongest colours. [illegible] seemed to be throughly convinced that she acted absurdly, and promised to conduct herself in a more becoming manner.—But I begin to fear I shall have a great deal of trouble with her.

* * *

NUMB.

No. III. Saturday, [illegible]

If the ladies would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the nuptial state such a wonder in the world as it

SIX weeks ago, I received an invitation to the Wedding of a friend of mine, that was [illegible], which he made [illegible] a word, because he is a young man of sense and politeness: for old as I am, I keep good company; that is, I go now and then to routs and ridottos, auctions and masquerades. Sometimes I have the honour to breakfast with a Lady of Quality before [illegible] to be taken notice of by a Great Man [illegible] goes to Court. I sometimes make my [illegible] at *Billy Diddle*'s toilet, and once spent an evening with *Jack Sulphur*, who is the doughtiest Buck about town, and a blood to the back-bone. Yet in spite of all my efforts to catch the polish'd manners of the age, I am frequently told, by the *best bred*

[illegible] "my

"my dearest Nelly, this Mr. [illegible] [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible] by [illegible]
" [illegible] company [illegible]
" friends [illegible]
" to me." After this obliging speech, she sat
down to the Tea-table with the [illegible]
[illegible]. I opened the conversation by asking her
how ſhe liked the town, and whether ſhe had
viſited the public diverſions? —" Mr. [illegible]
" Sir, ſaid ſhe, has [illegible] to
" the Opera, Ridotto, and Play, but I am very
" much afraid that I ſhall never be inclin'd to
" go to public places often enough to qualify
" myſelf for the polite [illegible]
" room, [illegible]
" by thoſe [illegible]
to make a reply; when my [illegible] friend pre-
vented me, by ſaying, with a ſmile of fondneſs,
" Indeed, my dear, you muſt [illegible]
" attached to [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible]
" [illegible] Wife [illegible]
" me, is a very unfaſhionable [illegible] ſhe
" will not accept of above half the [illegible]
" poſed to lay out in jewels, and [illegible]

" funds

dressing

ward folks, who will come to see us, as they call it, whether we will or no.—Lard, how troublesome people are that know nothing of the world —one has so much fatigue with them.—Well, well, said he, you know you must have them, therefore fix the day.—Lard, Sir *Harry*, cried she, do you imagine I will fix a day—it will certainly be murdering a day to all intents and purposes, you know.—'Tis a monstrous thing, I swear, that one can't marry a man without marrying a whole tribe of his relations.—I perceiv'd a discomposure in Sir *Harry*'s countenance, at the close of this sacrifical speech, tho' he strove to conceal the emotions which he felt, and replied with an air of unconcern, "Well, Madam, have them or not, just "as you please, I care not a pinch of snuff about "the matter—I shall dine abroad to-day—come "BABBLE, you shall go along with me."—— O! if you are going to the Chair-maker's, said she with sparkling eyes, "order the wretch to "new line my chair—I don't like Crimson; I "would have the nicest white sattin, and tassels "as large as lady *Followmode's*." —— To this speech Sir *Harry* only whistled an answer, and was going out of the room, when she recalled him with these words: "I shall send my bracelets to be new set with large brilliant roses like the Dutchess of *Glitter*'s, and order some more stars

"for

" for my head.—And do you hear, Sir *Harry*?—I " have engagements for every night this week, " which I would not put off for the univerſe, and " therefore can't poſſibly think of ſeeing thoſe " horrid Couſins of yours if they ſhould " come." Sir *Harry* and I then left her Ladyſhip to her own cogitations. Juſt at the door of her apartment, a ſervant told him that a gentleman waited for him in the parlour. He ran down ſtairs as nimbly as he could, while I [illegible] tant ſubject of the dialogue between Lady *Lavender* and her woman. But I got nothing by my curioſity, for the old proverb was verified to a tittle. — " Here, *Phyllis*, ſaid ſhe, bring the " *Rouge* this inſtant; that abominable beaſt " BARBER has undone me. What an indelicate " monſter! He has made ſuch a filthy ſmear juſt " on the round of my cheek, that I don't believe " you can repair it in an hour.—Fogh—that " ſuch an old fellow as he ſhould think of " kiſſing!—but he is ſo like all Sir *Harry's* " people."—I was ſo much chagrined by theſe uncourteous expreſſions, which were uttered with a great deal of vehemence, that I retired to my lodgings, without taking leave of my friend, whom I pity as much as I deſpiſe his lady.

What

What an unsuitable Couple! a silly Woman! and now Sir Harry is a sot. Why I pity him. He married her merely for her money, and knew she had nothing but that to recommend her.

By Titles dazzled, and by Wealth misled,
Minds ill-agreeing shame the nuptial Bed.

NUMB. IV. *Saturday, April 3, 1756.*

The Maid who modestly conceals
Her Beauties while she hides, reveals:
Gives but a Glimpse, and Fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
MOORE.

THE following Letter, which came to my hands yesterday, has puzzled me not a little; for I don't know whether I ought to publish it; I must be so ingenuous as to own that I am very ignorant of the customs among those ingenious Gentlemen to which it alludes, and am therefore at a loss to find out my Correſpondent's meaning: but as ſhe is the firſt I have had ſince I commenced *Author*, my vanity will not

not let me ſuppreſs it, though I am almoſt inclined to believe that ſome wicked wits have drawn it up, in order to *hum* the old gentleman, and bring him into a *choice ſcrape*. If I was ſure this was the caſe, adad! old NICHOLAS would give them daſh for daſh, and ſhew them that he is a man of fire, even at *ſixty odd*.

"Dear Mr. BABBLE,

"I want ſadly to aſk you two or three queſtions "prodigiouſly; becauſe, as you ſay you are an "old man, I can better tell you, you know, "about my affairs, than a young one. Well, "but I proteſt and vow I don't know how to "begin, for though I am ſure you can't ſee me, "yet my face burns all over juſt like a red hot "fire coal: but it muſt out, ſo you ſhall hear, "but I think I'll begin with my *Pa* and *Ma*: "You muſt know Sir, that *Pa* is a picture-"frame maker, and *Ma* has brought us up in "a vaſt handſome manner, for there's *Betſy* and "*Polly* and I, but they are not ſo old as me, "for I am juſt turn'd eighteen—now you muſt "know, Mr. BABBLE,—law what a pretty "name you have—that I am reckon'd very

" handſome by all our neighbours, and we *live* " in *St Martin's Lane*: and *Ma* lets all the gen- " tlemen come and ſee us that will, becauſe ſhe " ſays, may be ſome of them may take a fancy " to us: now there comes among the reſt, but " he comes a great deal oftner than they, one " Mr. *Contour*, who *Ma* thinks likes me: now " to be ſure he is a very fine man, and to be " ſure tells me that I am a delicate limb'd girl, " with a great many pretty things that I can't " remember, and ſays he wiſhes he had my " picture: now you know there is no hurt in " that—is there Mr. BABBLE? and *Ma* ſays " ſhe verily believes he has half a mind to marry " me, but *Pa* ſays, 'tis no ſuch thing, becauſe he " overheard him one day aſk me to come to his " lodgings and ſtand without any cloaths for " him to draw me: now to be ſure if he really " don't intend to marry me, why I had better " not go, though 'tis a pity that there ſhould be " any harm in it, becauſe I ſwear I don't be- " lieve Mr. *Contour* means any harm, for he is " one of the beſt natured men you ever ſaw in " the whole courſe of your life, and to be ſure " is quite a fine gentleman: ſo *Pa* has a mind " to forbid him the houſe, but *Ma* knows better " things, and ſhe ſays if he drives him away

" from

"from the house he will never marry me; and "so they are at daggers drawn about it: but *Pa* "swears I shan't go to his lodgings except he "will marry me first, and then *Pa* says, he "may paint me from morning to night: now "dear, sweet Mr. Babble, tell me what I had "best do, for I have no soul to advise with but "*Ma*, and she changes her mind as often as a "weathercock, so that I can't tell what to make "of her, no more than I do of Mr. *Couteur*, "who I should be vastly sorry to affront, you "know; so pray, Mr. Babble, say some-"thing to me about it, for *Pa* says you are a "very good sort of a man, and if it is true, I "am sure you will answer the scrawl of,

"Your humble servant to command,

"Rose Plump."

P. S. "I had like to forget to tell you, "that there's a place in our lane, where women "[illegible] before a dozen men at once, but I "[illegible] not go there for all the world."

In answer to Miss *Plump's* letter, I can only say, that if she has given me a true account of

her caſe, I would not have her on any conſideration think of going to Mr. *Contour*'s lodgings, (becauſe I dare venture to aſſure her that he is not the harmleſs man ſhe takes him to be) but follow her *Pa*'s advice, keep out of his company, and perſuade her *Ma* to get him *be forbidden the houſe*—ſhe need not be afraid of affronting him, for I am throughly ſatisfied he has not the leaſt intention to make her his wife.—But there is a myſtery in my correſpondent's poſtſcript, which I have not penetration enough to unravel. I own I ſhould be extremely ſorry to ſee the ſtripping-faſhion revived with new ſpirit, after it has been ſo ſucceſsfully rallied by my brother-eſſay-writers, Meſſieurs TOWN and FITZ-ADAM—'Tis true, I am an old man, and muſt not be peeping, but I have not of late ſeen higher than a lady's garter, or lower than the pit of her ſtomach, in any public place; how many other charms may be exhibited in a private room before only a dozen men at a time, I will not indeed preſume to ſay: as I never have been preſent at any ſuch rout, or to uſe a more expreſſive word, *riot*;—for I was always reckon[illegible] by my enemies, a *modeſt man*; but I in[illegible] to aſk *Jack Sulphur*, if he ever ſaw whole groupes of females in their paradiſaical ſtate, and if he

tells

tells me *these things are so*, I will insist on his carrying me with him to one of those superlatively-polite assemblies: for if I don't frequent the most fashionable circles, I shall be thought a meer *Ignoramus*, and no body will read my papers.—In the mean time, let me earnestly persuade my fair countrywomen, to remember that the majority of those who make an elegant appearance when they are cover'd with a becoming drapery, would be downright scarecrows without it.—I will allow that there are a great many *Venus's* about Town, but I cannot allow that a *Venus* of *Medicis* is to be met with every day.

Soon after I received the abovementioned letter, a stiff, tall, upright figure, whom my landlady introduced to me, presented the following one with looks of importance, bowed very profoundly, and then left the room without uttering a syllable, as much like a stake as he enter'd it.

SIR,

I am a grown gentleman, and have just finished my studies under the tuition of the renowned Mr. *N——H——t*, whose industry is equal to his abilities, and whose excellent aca-

demy in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, wants not to be flouriſhingly recommended for its utility by *my* pen, becauſe it has already been ſufficiently celebrated by *his own*. But to the point — I have compoſed a work, for the benefit of my countrymen and countrywomen, which will be allowed, I flatter myſelf, by all perſons of taſte and diſcernment, to be far the compleateſt thing of the kind, that ever came from the preſs.—It is entitled the *Analyſis* of *Politeneſs*, and will, though no bigger than a *Goldſmith's Almanack*, contain the whole duty of man and of woman too. I intend, for ſome private reaſons, to print it by ſubſcription, though I doubt not but that its own intrinſic merit would render it famous, not only in this little iſland, but in all civilized nations under the ſun; nay, the moſt barbarous ones, I am ſanguine enough to believe, will be poliſhed by the peruſal of *my* book, which is calculated for all capacities. The ſubſcription-price will be ten guineas, and *Conditions* will be publiſh'd at large, as ſoon as I find a diſpoſition in the town to encourage ſo uſeful a work. — As for the Price, I hope your readers will not ſtart at it, and think my demands are too extravagant, for I can venture to aſſure them, that if they ſubſcribe to *this* work, they never need ſubſcribe to any other.

And

And who would not chuſe to have a compleat library in ſo narrow a compaſs, at ſo ſmall an expence? By communicating this ſcheme to the public, and warmly intereſting yourſelf in its behalf, you will *more than oblige*,

—*Your very obſequous ſervant*,

H. N.

N. B. If you can get off a dozen books for me, you ſhall have the thirteenth *gratis*.

NUMB V. *Saturday, April* 10, 1756.

——*Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.*

MART.

Men and their manners to deſcribe, we try.

I HAD a little buſineſs to tranſact t'other day in *'Change Alley*, where I accidentally met with *Sam Olive*, an old acquaintance, who graſp'd my hand with a great deal of friendlineſs, and inſiſted on my going home to dine with him. *Sam* is *an honeſt Cock*, plain, hearty, and worth money, which he has acquired by ſticking cloſe to his ſhop, and taking care of the *main Chance*,

and not leaving his buſineſs to be look'd after by journeymen, and apprentices.

I was conducted up ſtairs into his dining-room, in which I found the cloth laid, and Mrs. *Olive* and Miſs ready to receive him.—"So, ſo "wife, ſaid he, what is the veal roaſted enough? "I have brought my old friend Mr. BABBLE "to foul a plate with us." "Lard, cried ſhe, I "am extremely glad to ſee Mr. BABBLE, but I "declare I am in ſuch a pickle—but indeed I "did not expect ſuch good company—I have "been ſo buſy all this morning in getting my "plate weigh'd." —"Well well, ſaid he, you "might have ſpared yourſelf that trouble, for I "told you before I ſhould part with all that was "unneceſſary, and keep only a few ſpoons, and "the tankard, which you know, continued he "turning to me, one cannot well do without." "I don't know what *you* call neceſſary Mr. "*Olive*, ſaid ſhe warmly, but for my part, I "don't ſee any individual thing we can ſpare.— "No, ſaid he, why then I'll tell you, my dear, "what you can ſpare: there's the great ſalver, "the large ſilver cup and cover, the two mugs, "the coffee pot, the—O law Papa, (ſaid Miſs, "a young lady about fifteen) "ſure you won't

"think

" think of ſelling the coffee pot — No no,
" child, nor any thing elſe, ſaid the mother,
" why the cup you know was left for *Tommy* by
" his grandmama, when we are dead and gone.
" And I deſign to change the old faſhioned ſalver
" for a handſome tea-waiter. — Aye, aye, *you* may
" deſign what you will, ſaid my friend *Sam*, but
" *I* deſign no ſuch thing — what ſhall I keep a
" parcel of uſeleſs plate only to pay five ſhillings
" a year for it? very pretty indeed — no no, it
" ſhall all go, as I'm a living man, if there
" were ten times as much. I pay taxes enough
" already I think — faith 'tis very lucky we have
" no more — You muſt know, continued he,
addreſſing himſelf to me, " my wife there has
" been teazing me above this half year for a ſilver
" tea-kettle and lamp; and I was juſt going to be-
" ſpeak them when this bill was firſt brought into
" the houſe." — Well, and why ſhould you not be-
" ſpeak them now, ſaid ſhe, indeed I can't bear
" to think of ſelling my plate: I am aſhamed
" to hear you talk ſo; but you love to make
" yourſelf look little and mean." — Little and
" mean, cried he; aye aye, I ſhall look both
" little and mean enough, when I ſhut up ſhop,
" which muſt be the caſe, if taxes increaſe thus
" upon us. I wonder what a plague the go-

" vehement means by throwing every thing upon
" the trader, who finds it difficult enough to
" live and thrive as times go; let them tax their
" own nonſenſical diverſions, as they call them;
" their horſes, hounds, maſquerades, operas,
" and all their ridiculous fooleries. I don't ſee
" they have occaſion for them, not I; if the
" nation's in ſuch want of money, e'en let them
" ſave it themſelves, and not run about and
" ſquander it in nonſenſe and ſtuff: I cant ſee
" any occaſion we have for ſtage-plays, not I;
" let them tax *them* if they muſt tax. O law,
" Papa, ſaid Miſs *Olive*, how you talk: what,
" have no plays — there would be ſad doings
" indeed! No plays! no to be ſure girl, ſaid
" he, what ſhould *you* want plays for? *I* never
" go to a play? *I* would not give a pipe of to-
" bacco to ſee one; they cou'd never beat theſe
" things into my head.—Well, well, Mr. *Olive*,
" ſaid his lady, you may chuſe whether you
" will go or not, but you may let your wife
" and children go and divert themſelves, tho'
" *you* happen to have no *Taſte*. — *Taſte*, cried
" he, *Taſte*: — aye, aye, 'tis that nonſenſical
" notion of *Taſte*, which turns the heads of ſo
" many women. I wonder, wife, where you
" learn'd that ſilly word; one would think you

" had

" had been keeping company with the rantum-
" scantum folks at t'other end of the town. I
" hope I shall always know how to behave my-
" self, Mr. *Olive*, said she, (not a little flus-
" ter'd,) " let me keep who I will company.
" Thank my Stars I am not to be taught at these
" years: and if we were all to know more of
" the *beaumonde*, and act and talk like people
" of fashion, I can't see what mighty harm
" it wou'd do us, I must needs say. *People*
" of *Fashion*; umph! cried *Sam*, winking at
" me, another fine *Phrase*; don't you call it
" *Phrase*, child? I shall learn how to behave
" myself by and by, when I have seen more of
" the *beaumonde*, and have had more talk with
" people of *Fashion* —— But harkee, my *Duck*,
" a word in your ear — you may be as refined
" at you please in your language; only let me
" advise you not to catch the manners as well
" as the lingua of these same people of *Fashion*
" — take care of that, my dear, and remember
" that it won't become an *Oilman*'s wife in
" *Thames Street* to mimick the flirting airs of a
" *t'other-end-of-the-Town-Madam*. Zounds, con-
" tinued he, turning to me, I suppose we shall
" have a *French* fellow in the kitchen to poison
" us, by and by, and another to grease my
" daughter's

" daughter's hair: and mayhap all theſe ſtools " here, work'd by my great-grand mother, may " be turn'd into ſo many card tables."—As I never love to interfere between man and wife during their moments of altercation, becauſe 'tis both dangerous and diſagreeable, I only ſmiled an anſwer to the latter part of my friend's ſpeech; but his lady was not in ſo pleaſant, ſo pacific a humour.—" Indeed, Mr. *Olive*, ſaid " ſhe, you talk very ſtrangely to-day: but 'tis " no matter, I ſhan't give my conſent to have " all the plate ſold, I can aſſure you. I know " very well what you *can* afford, and what you " *can't*. I know you can afford to pay five ſhil- " lings a year, or elſe 'tis very hard indeed; and " I am ſure if you can, you ought: for if every " body was of your ſneaking diſpoſition, the " parliament had no occaſion to paſs the bill, " for they wou'd not gain a ſix-penny piece by " it: and indeed, Mr. *Olive*, you ought to have " more public ſpirit in you. Aye, indeed Papa, " cried Miſs, Mama is quite in the right; for I " am ſure nobody but very mean people will " think of ſelling their plate at this time of day. " Mr. *Prune*, the grocer, though I dare ſay he " isn't half ſo rich as you Papa, won't ſell one " bit, I am ſure Miſs told me ſo laſt dancing " day."

" day."——D'ye mind, ſaid my friend, how " the young cock crows after the old one."— " Aye *Polly*, ſaid Mrs. *Olive*, you ſay true " Child: ſure Mrs. *Prune* doesn't pretend to " think herſelf on a footing with me: I am ſure " where they pay five ſhillings a year, we can " very well pay five-and-twenty; and if you " are abſolutely determin'd to ſell your plate, " you may ſet at the head of your table your- " ſelf, Sir. I aſſure you I ſhan't chuſe to make " my appearance there, except I can make as " good a figure as the reſt of my neighbours." " —Hoity toity, Hoity toity cried *Sam*, what, *is* " *the Monkey atop of the Houſe?* — why, what a " jargon is here of *I ſhall* and *I ſhan't*, and *I* " *will* and *I won't*, and *you can afford this, and* " *that and t'other*. Pray Mrs. *Public-ſpirit*, how " can *you* tell what I *can* afford and what *I can't*. " Things are come to a fine paſs indeed if I am " to be govern'd by my wife; why the women " pretend to be ſo plaguy knowing now a-days, " they think they are fit to manage the nation I " warrant. But odſbobs, madam, I ſhall teach " you another ſtory— pray mind your own buſi- " neſs; look to your ruffles, and ribbons, and your " *Niggledegees*. Odſbobs I don't believe they will " wear ſoon any covering at all upon their backs;

" even

"even smocks will go out of fashion, quite out: "and they will have nothing but gimps and "gauze, and such like trumpery to cover their "nakedness: and as for you *Poll*, do you hear "me; don't think to echo your mother at every "word, and spread it all over the parish that I "can afford to gratify all your fantastical whims, "and magotty inclinations; for you are con-"foundedly mistaken, do you mind me, I say, "confoundedly mistaken, and if things go on "much longer at this extravagant rate, I shan't "be worth a brass farthing —rich indeed: how "the devil should I be rich, when I am loaded "with so many taxes!"

Just as my friend had uttered the last word with a particular emphasis, a large loin of veal made its appearance, accompanied by a plumb-pudding; at sight of which *Sam*'s countenance lost all its ferocity, and was lighted up by a chuckling smile. He rubbed his hands, called out to his wife to help Mr. BABBLE. In short, we *fell to* without ceremony, and all conjugal disputes were at an end.

I left this extraordinary family soon after dinner, and while I gently paced homewards, could

could not help laughing in my ſleeve at thoſe monied Men, who are always telling you how poor they are, that you may gratify their vanity by contradicting them.

NUMB. VI. *Saturday, April* 17, 1756.

Eſt natura hominum novitatis avida.

PLIN. apud LILLIUM.

Men generally ſwallow news with a voracious appetite.

AS the public is generally very inquiſitive about an author and his family, I ſhall in this paper collect together all the genealogical anecdotes I can at preſent remember concerning the BABBLES, in order to convince my readers, that I am a man of conſequence.

Though we don't pretend to be *pre-adamites*, nor even to carry back our pedigree to the *father of mankind*, there is a tradition in our family, that the founder of it exiſted when the celebrated *tower of Babel* was in all its glory, and that he took his name from it.

Your

Your wags and half-wits will, I ſuppoſe, crack a few jokes on our name and deſcent, and attempt to ſhow, that there is in the labours of my brain a great deal of the confuſion which reigned in the days of our founder; but, as I highly revere my own abilities, and think I have very clear notions of things, I ſhall only receive all jokes, witticiſms, and waggeries of that kind, with a ſelf-ſufficient ſhrug, and a contemptuous ſmile.

We have ſpread ourſelves all over the known World. The great and magnificent city of *Babylon* was founded by one of our anceſtors; and the iſland of *Babelmandel* in the *Red Sea* was diſcovered and named by another. The branch which ſettled in *Turkey* dwindled away indeed ſurprizingly, and is now almoſt extinct; but thoſe who peopled *France* increaſed amazingly, and the deſcendants from them retain to this day the original name *Babillard*. Some of this branch travelling into *Italy*, were called *Babalee*; and a noble *Raguſan* of that name paid a viſit to *England*, in the reign of queen *Elizabeth*, and died in this metropolis.

The BABBLES are not only remarkable for their antiquity, but for their alliances with the greateſt

greateſt families in all kingdoms; nay we can boaſt of being nearly related to crowned heads. A certain *Britiſh* monarch, noted for the prolixity of his ſpeeches from the throne, was undoubtedly deſcended from a female branch of our family.

Theſe important alliances have perhaps given riſe to the ſupercilious air which ſometimes appears in our behaviour, when our words are not liſten'd to with the attention we expect. This ſupercilioufneſs, with a mixture of vanity, and a propenſity to be talkative, are reckoned our moſt glaring, and indeed our only foibles, by thoſe who are not thoroughly acquainted with us: the laſt propenſity has occaſioned a great many diverting ſcenes and humorous dialogues among our relations at their hoſpitable meetings, with ſome of which I may, one day perhaps, entertain my readers.

This fondneſs for loquacity has been more or leſs prevalent among us, according to our natural tempers and conſtitutions. My grandfather, Sir GREGORY BABBLE, was ſo delighted with the muſic of his own voice, and ſo obſtinately prepoſſeſs'd in favour of his oratorical talents, that he

he would ſcarce permit his auditors to utter a ſyllable. This gentleman happening to marry a lady who was not ſo well inclin'd to be a *hear-er*, as he was to be a *ſpeaker*, led ſo uncomforta-ble a life with her, that he adviſed my father, (who was alſo very much addicted to loquacity) with great earneſtneſs, either to live ſingle, or to look out for a woman of a meek and pliable diſ-poſition; my father followed his advice, and thought himſelf uncommonly fortunate in being united to a *Griſmal*, who ſuffer'd him to indulge his *ruling paſſion* without moleſtation. As for myſelf, I ſoon imbibed an averſion to *Extremes*, and by carefully avoiding the two rocks on which my parents ſplit, have been ever ſince liſten'd to with attention and with pleaſure.

The females of our family have been not a little troubleſome to thoſe who took them *for bet-ter and for worſe*. A ſiſter of mine is now alive, and in her grand climacteric, (*Rebecca* is her name,) who has by a conſtant rotation of tongue preſerv'd her virginity; for every man who made his addreſſes to her, was very ſoon *talk'd* out of his paſſion;

Doubly

Doubly like echo *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.

YOUNG.

I don't ſee this venerable ſiſter of mine often, for tho' I can check the volubility of my own tongue, I am not always diſpoſed to hear all ſhe has to ſay. She prates ſometimes, I own, ſenſibly enough, but generally pours out her words with ſo much impetuoſity, that the rattling of them ſounds in my ears more like the clack of a mill than a human voice. She is alſo apt to give advice with an air of ſuperiority, which I am never inclined to hear with patience, becauſe I am never convinc'd that I want to be tutor'd. A failing to which thouſands of both ſexes will find themſelves extremely liable, if they will condeſcend to examine their hearts thoroughly and impartially.

This talent of my ſiſter's raiſed her ſo high in the eſteem of an old rich maiden aunt of ours, that ſhe left the bulk of her fortune to her, and nothing but a paltry legacy to me. My aunt had a great many very odd notions; ſhe thought that perſons by talking fluently, and making a

prodigious

prodigious noiſe, gave ſtrong proofs of the depth of their underſtandings; that the rapid delivery of a diſcourſe was of more conſequence than the matter of it, and that thoſe who cou'd not ſhine by *Elocution*, would not only make a bad figure in the world, but be *run down*, and brow-beaten by every body. In ſhort, her whole delight was to force the attention of the people to whom ſhe was chattering, and *to carry all before her by the torrent of her Eloquence*, (theſe were her favourite expreſſions). She look'd on *me* with an eye of compaſſion, becauſe ſhe imagin'd I would be a diſcredit to the BABBLE *Family*.

I received this morning a letter from one of our diſtant relations, which I ſhall communicate to my readers juſt as it came to my hands: not doubting but that my couſin's vivacity will make them deſirous of being better acquainted with her.

Dear Couſin,

I hear you are the author of the new paper called *The* PRATER.—O Lud! how exceſſively delightful it is, to talk in print to the whole world in what manner, and on what ſubject, aye, and as long as one pleaſes.—Well 'tis vaſtly charming

charming I proteſt—you muſt ſurely have a monſtrous deal of pleaſure.—I wiſh I cou'd do as you do—heigh ho!—if I, poor ſoul, offer to open my mouth in the ſmall circle of my own relations, I am ſo ſnubbed and documented by them all, that I am quite a miſerable creature.—Only think how ſad a thing it is to have a longing to talk, and to have nobody about you willing to hear you. *Papa* often flies into a paſſion, and cries, this girl chatters ſo faſt, I don't know what I am about—*Mama* ſays, indeed *Patty*, you are too flippant with your tongue, no body can bear it—young folks ſhou'd be hearers and not ſpeakers:—you make one deaf, child.—With ſuch unkind expreſſions as theſe, my poor ears are ſtun'd from morning to night.—'Tis very hard I may not talk now, for I was ſixteen laſt *Chriſtmas*, and I am ſure I can talk as well as my Papa and Mama tho' I am not ſo old.—What ſignifies age?—People who have lived a great while in the world are not always the wiſeſt you know, couſin: for ſome people make more obſervations at ſixteen, than others at ſixty.—O how I envy the clergy, who may talk the beſt part of an hour without interruption, either to ſome purpoſe or to no purpoſe, juſt as they pleaſe.

Well,

Well, I ſay once more, it muſt be exceſſively delightful to talk in print, ſo dear couſin, do let me talk ſometimes in your paper, for I have a vaſt deal to ſay, and you will in a very particular manner oblige.

Your moſt affectionate couſin,

MARTHA CHATTER.

NUMB. VII. *Saturday, April* 24, 1756.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui ———

VIRG. Æn. VI. 266.

What I have heard permit me to relate.

YESTERDAY in the afternoon I drank tea at Mr. *Aimwell*'s. *Harriat* was ſurrounded by a brilliant groupe of her own ſex. After the faſhionable compliments were exchanged, the converſation turn'd inſenſibly on the preſent poſture of our national affairs. I had the ſatisfaction to hear all the fair ones inveigh, with a noble *antigallican* ſpirit, againſt the deſigns

ſigns of our reſtleſs, ambitious, and enterprizing neighbours, and warmly declare they would freely part with all their ornaments and nick-nacks, toys and trinkets, to raiſe an army for the defence of *Old England*: one of them ſaid ſhe wou'd chearfully reſign her *Indian* porcelain, or be contented to pay a yearly tax in proportion to its value, which wou'd encourage our own manufacture, and check the importation of a commodity, by which we loſe ſo much of our ſilver. Another proteſted ſhe would not only give up her bracelets and diamond-coach-and-ſix, but even part with *Pompey*'s ſilver collar, for her country's good. A *Third* ſaid, ſhe had that morning diſcarded *Friſeur*, her hair-cutter, and ordered *Glip* to take care of her head for the future, in order to ſhow her thorough averſion *to every thing French*. And a *Fourth* vowed with a great deal of vehemence, that ſhe would put on Regimentals, if the *French* landed, and fight to the laſt drop of her blood for *King GEORGE* and the *Proteſtant Cauſe*. *Harriot* ſmiled at this lady's martial declaration, which ſhe uttered with the ſpirit of an amazon, and made this reply to it: —I admire your zeal, madam, againſt the *French*, exceſſively: it is at this critical juncture particularly laudable: but I am of opinion, nevertheleſs, that women, by equipping themſelves

in

in a warlike manner, uſurp the province of the men, of whom there is undoubtedly a ſufficient number to defend us. 'Tis our buſineſs rather to inſpire them with courage, by liſtening to the addreſſes of thoſe only who have diſcovered a proper regard for our religion and liberties, either by arming, or exciting others to arm, againſt the profeſs'd enemies to both."

I was juſt going to commend my ward for her ſenſible obſervations, when a lively little *Thing*, who had caſt ſeveral glances at me, in order, I ſuppoſe, to make a conqueſt of me, notwithſtanding my age, and the gravity of my deportment, thus prevented me.—"All arts, "ſaid ſhe, to induce men to fight for their coun-"try, ſhould I think be allowed; and I think "moreover, that all leers, nods, ogles, winks, "and taps, ſhould be tolerated and encouraged "for the welfare of the ſtate, and not deem'd "coquettiſh, immodeſt and unbecoming."—"And to what purpoſe, I beſeech you, Madam, "replied a young lady, will be all theſe incite-"ments to love, if the grand point, matrimony, "which I imagine we all have in view, is not "gained by them? The men, to do them ju-"ſtice, are ready enough to flatter us and toy "with us, but to ſettle for life, and ſet down in

"a family

"a family way — *There's the Rub.* And for my "part, I think, to have the land over-run "with ſingle men, is ten times worſe than an "invaſion.— This ſpeech occaſioned a loud laugh, which was followed by ſuch bitter invectives againſt unmarried men, that I was a little diſconcerted (for I could not help thinking their raillery very ill-timed, but young folks will be young folks) and retired to my lodgings ſooner than I intended.—The things I had heard made ſo great an impreſſion on my mind, that on going to reſt, I fell into a kind of dream.

Several alterations were, methought, made in the *Engliſh* government. A new branch of it was veſted in the hands of a hundred females of different ages, who were empowered by a charter to take cognizance of all national grievances which ſhould ariſe from the ill conduct of the male ſex, and to inflict on the offending parties the puniſhments which they thought, upon mature deliberation, adequate to their crimes and miſdemeanors. I was placed in the gallery of their ſenate-houſe, when they were engaged in a warm debate about a tax on batchelors, in order to puniſh them for their averſion to matrimony. As I was myſelf deeply intereſted in this debate, I liſten'd to it with an eager attention.

Several virgins who had paſſed their grand climacteric, full of vexation that the matrimonial queſtion had never been put to them, aſſerted with no ſmall earneſtneſs, that batchelors deſerved no mercy, becauſe they ſinned with their eyes open, and moved that they ſhould undergo the operation ſo much in vogue in *Italy*, by which means, the managers of the opera houſe would be able to entertain the town without throwing away immenſe ſums on *Riccierelli's* and *Pazagli's*. Some ladies were of opinion, that the ſingle men ſhould be baniſhed to the highlands of *Scotland*; and others propoſed that they ſhould be taxed to the amount of half their annual incomes, ariſing either from landed eſtates or the publick funds, which ſhould ſupport a body of light horſe, to prevent ſmuggling and wreck-making in time of peace, and invaſions in time of war. A knot of young females, briſk and *debonnair*, inſiſted, that no fines could ſufficiently puniſh the fribbles and bucks of their acquaintance, and therefore made a motion, that if they ſhould preſume to remain in a ſingle ſtate after two months notice had been given them (not at churches, but at all other public places, particularly the theatres in *Drury-Lane*, *Covent-Garden* and the

Hay-

Hay-market, and the *Play-House* in *St. James's Street*) ſhould be forthwith enliſted without diſtinction. The nobility ſhould be general officers, the gentry ſubalterns, and the tradeſmen and mechanics, common ſoldiers. They agreed, however, that merit ſhould be particularly rewarded, and that a miſbehaving General ſhould loſe his rank, and be ſucceeded by the worthieſt and ableſt man in the corps. This laſt regimental ſcheme was received with loud marks of approbation by the whole aſſembly, who order'd it to be publiſhed and executed with all poſſible expedition.

After this tax was unanimouſly agreed to, a lady ſtarted up with a great deal of vivacity, and thus addreſſed her companions.—A word or two ladies, if you pleaſe, before the houſe is adjourned. I have a ſcheme to communicate, which is of as much conſequence to *our Sex*, as the longitude is to a ſailor, or the philoſopher's ſtone to a miſer.—I move, ladies, that courtſhip may be henceforward *our* province; for I can make it clearly appear, that we have more leiſure and inclination to practiſe the art of wooing, and are able to conduct an Intrigue with more addreſs than the men, who are all ready to allow that we have the advantage over them in the management

of the tongue, the volubility of which, let me tell you ladies, has a very conſiderable weight on ſo intereſting an occaſion. This ſpeech was ſo well received by the gay and youthful part of the aſſembly, that they rattled their fans, clapped their hands, and ſhewed their hearty approbation of it by a great variety of exulting ſigns, and declared, that the lady who propoſed ſo excellent a ſcheme deſerved the thanks of the houſe. But their burſts of merriment were ſoon interrupted by a venerable matron, who roſe from her ſeat with the dignity of a *Juno*, and thus deliver'd her ſentiments with the *elocution* of a *Minerva*;

—"I am ſorry I am obliged to differ from the lady who ſpoke laſt: but cannot think it becoming to follow the ſcheme which ſhe has propoſed. By making our addreſſes to the men, we ſhall defeat our own deſigns entirely, for *their indifference* always riſes in proportion to *our forwardneſs*. Modeſty is allowed by them to be our moſt ſhining virtue, and delicacy and ſoftneſs our moſt alluring charms. The two ſexes will always appear unamiable to each other, by aſſuming an unatural behaviour.—Maſculine women and effeminate men are in my opinion equally diſagreeable. 'Let us then make uſe only of the charms I have mention'd, for they will gain an admirer,

admirer, and fix a friend, much ſooner than bold looks, pert language and affected airs, by which too many heedleſs females think to attract the eyes and ſecure the affections of thoſe who gaze upon them. I wiſh ſuch females would attend ſeriouſly to the following lines:

The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air
May catch the fop, for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook and bait alike:
While ſalmon play regardleſs by
Till art like nature forms the fly.

MOORE.

When the venerable matron had pronounced theſe lines with a particular emphaſis, ſhe ſat down with as much dignity as ſhe roſe, and had the ſatisfaction to hear ſhouts of applauſe from all parts of the ſenate houſe. Struck with wonder I awoke.

NUMB. VIII. *Saturday, May* 1, 1756.

——— Qui non moderabitur iræ
Infectum volet eſſe, quod dolor ſuaſerit ac mens.

Ira furor brevis eſt. Animum rege: qui niſi paret,
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catena.
HOR.

The man unable to controul his ire
Shall wiſh undone what hate and wrath inſpire.

Anger's a ſhorter frenzy; then ſubdue
Your paſſion, or your paſſion conquers you;
Let lordly reaſon hold the guiding reins,
And bind the tyrant with coercive chains.
FRANCIS.

WHILE I was ſitting at my Deſk ſome days ago, and compoſing a PAPER for the amuſement of the public, I was interrupted by ſeveral diſcordant ſounds over my head, which iſſued, I thought, from the mouths of two choleric diſputants of my own ſex: yet in ſpite of my propenſity to inquiſitiveneſs, I kept my ſeat, till

till my ſpectacles tumbled from my noſe, by the violent concuſſion of my room: for the diſputants, not ſatisfied with the briſk movement of their tongues, agitated their feet in ſuch a manner, that I was afraid they would have paid me a viſit through the cieling. I then grew eager to know the cauſe of ſo much clamour, picked up my ſpectacles, (which luckily had received no damage,) and after having carefully depoſited them in their caſe, went up ſtairs ſoftly, and ſoon found, by applying my ear to the key-hole of my fellow-lodger's door, that he was engaged in a hot diſpute with his bookſeller. "Lookee, Mr. *Blot*, "ſaid the latter, it ſignifies nothing your pre-"tending to bluſter at *me*: you know you "are under articles to furniſh me this ſeaſon "with a novel big enough to make three duode-"cimo volumes, a collection of eſſays, and a tra-"gedy: and I ſwear I'll have them all." "Why "what the devil do you mean, if you come to "that Mr. *Pinch*, ſaid he, have you not got the "novel in your own hands? The eſſays are ready "for the preſs, and the tragedy is almoſt finiſhed; "but if other people will ſteal *my* ſimiles, how "can I help it? What would you have me do? I "am ſure it is as much a robbery, as if it had been "committed with a piſtol on *Hounſlow-Heath*,

" and ought to be puniſhed with as much ſeveri-
" ty. Nay more, for certainly to rob a man of his
" brains, is far worſe than meerly to deprive him
" of his money: and if things are ſuffered to go
" on in this manner, I declare I will lay down
" my Pen."—" Not till you have performed
" your agreement, cried *Pinch*, with great alert-
" neſs, I muſt have the tragedy finiſhed ſoon,
" otherwiſe the ſeaſon will be over: every body
" will be gone out of town, and it will lie in
" my ſhop like waſte-paper.—S'death, cried
" *Blot*, I tell you it is waſte-paper *now*—without
" the Simile it is worth nothing." " Rot your Si-
" mile, replied *Pinch*, if that is gone, make
" another. Do you think I will loſe the ſale of
" a play for *one* Simile, which perhaps is not
" worth a button.—But how came it to be *ſtole*?
" —S'death, ſaid *Blot*, have I not told you over
" and over, but your paſſions run away with
" you and make you forget every thing you hear.
" —When I had finiſhed the laſt act, I thought
" it run off with ſuch ſpirit, that I ſhew'd it to
" a friend of mine, who has a taſte for dramatic
" performances, and he was ſo charmed with it,
" that he deſired me to leave it with him a day or
" two.—I, ſuſpecting no harm, agreed to his
" requeſt: but how great was my ſurprize about

" ten

" ten days afterwards in the upper gallery at——,
" when my Simile, my darling Simile, which I
" deem'd a maſter-piece of the kind, was utter'd
" by one of the characters in——.—I was helliſh
" mad at being tricked out of my Simile, but not
" a little delighted at the ſame time to hear it
" well pronounced and well received—But I did
" not conſider till yeſterday that I could not print
" my play either with it or without it."—Pox
" take your vanity, cried *Pinch*, what occaſion had
" you to lend your piece to any body? *I* only
" ought to have ſeen it—was it not written for
" *me*? But though *you* have acted like a fool, *I*
" can't ſuffer for it—You may write another as
" good, or finiſh the piece without." I tell you
" I can't make ſuch another Simile, ſaid *Blot*,
" and there was only *that* in the whole play;
" and who ever wrote a tragedy without a Simile?
" —Beſides, if I offer'd it to you in that unfaſhi-
" onable condition, I know you would not bear
" it—you would turn it on my hands again, and
" tell me no body bought it.—Don't you re-
" member how you ſerved me about the novel,
" which you ſaid was not half abuſive enough,
" and ſo tame and decent, that no body would
" read it through? I am ſure I drew the *Duke*
" of ****, the *Earl* of ****, *Doctor* ****

" *Lady* ——, and *Miss* ——, in ſuch lively " colours, that I expected to be taken up every " day: and then as for warm ſcenes — The " lovers on the old trunk in the lumber-garret, " and the two young ladies undreſſing for bed, " were deſcribed with ſuch a——I don't know " what you would have—my amorous deſcrip- " tions are ſufficient to excite the *belle Paſſion* in " the breaſt of an anchorite, and corrupt the " morals of a whole boarding ſchool of miſſes in " white frocks—I cannot ſpeak plainer, except I " write treaſon and bawdy at full length."— " Well, ſaid *Pinch*, and thoſe were the ſcenes " which made the book go off, and if there had " been more of the ſame kind, it would have " gone through half a dozen editions by this time. " —I am ſure I paid you fairly five guineas for " the *Copy*, and I wiſh I may ever ſee my money " again."—" Nay, ſtop there Mr. *Pinch*, cried " *Blot*, I know you have already pocketed *five* " *clear*, and publiſhed a ſecond edition,—come, " come, you have impoſed upon me long enough. " I ought to have had ten for it: and I will have " *ten* for the next, or carry it to another book- " ſeller—I will not be impoſed upon any longer." " —" Impoſed upon? cried *Pinch* boiling with " rage, impoſed upon? I impoſe on ſuch a fellow

" as

" as *you?* Aye Mr. *Pinch*, replied he, I ſay you " have ſcandalouſly impoſed on me, and hang me, " if I will bear your ill uſage.—Then hang me, " ſaid *Pinch*, but you ſhall bear a great deal " more before I have done with you. What, ſhall " ſuch a fellow as you pretend to talk to *me?* " You who are the offspring of a chimney-ſwee- " per and a cynder-wench, begot on a dunghill, " and littered in a hog-ſtye. Did I not take you " Sirrah, from a garret in *Hockly in the Hole*, na- " ked as you came into the world, where you " ſubſiſted on ſheep's liver, which you got for " writing ballads, bloody murders, and wretch- " ed conundrums, which you bawled out your- " ſelf in the duſk of the evening at the corner of " every lane and alley? Did I not bring you in- " to genteel company, raſcal, by recommending " you to write bell-men's verſes, lamp-lighters " new-year gifts, terrible battles, ſea fights and " dying ſpeeches; by which means you picked " up caſh enough to purchaſe a ſuit of cloaths in " *Monmouth-ſtreet*, and a perriwig in *Middle-row*; " to hire a room in *Black-Friars*, and to dine " with gentlemen in a cellar on the beſt for three- " pence a day? Did I not, to cultivate your geni- " us, lend you *Rocheſter's poems*, *Gildon's Art of* " *Poetry*, *Haywood's Novels*, the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*;

" nay,

" nay, truſt you with a large collection of *old*
" *Plays*, by the help of which you were enabled
" to write *Songs* for *Sadler's-Wells*, *Drolls* for *Bar-*
" *tholomew-Fair*, and *Prologues* and *Epilogues* for
" *Charity-Benefits?* Theſe performances introdu-
" ced you into polite life; and now becauſe you
" have ſtrutted at the *Bedford*, ſcraped acquain-
" tance with two or three under actors, and got
" a ſecond floor in *Covent-Garden*, you fly in my
" face. But by Jove I will reduce you to your
" original ſtate, before I have done. I'll *work*
" you, you ungrateful raſcal, till you are as rag-
" ged as OTWAY's Hag, and obliged to lame and
" blind beggars for your dinner: or neceſſitated
" to ſubſiſt on ſauſages made with the fleſh of
" ſome of your gibbetted brethren, thrown away
" by the ſurgeon; and when your feeding is
" lower'd, you'll write better. You are pamper'd,
" lazy and luxurious *now*, but I warrant when
" you are half ſtarved you won't be at a loſs for
" a Simile. Your invention will then be as keen
" as your appetite. A ſharp-ſet author ſcribbles
" like a devil."—Here *Blot* could not help check-
" ing Mr. *Pinch* in the midſt of his career.—
" Why, why, ſaid he, do you treat me, ſir, in
" this abuſive manner? what have I done to ex-
" tort ſuch *Billingſgate* language from you? But I

" ſhall

" ſhall be even with you—I ſhall make ſome
" diſcoveries to the world, which will not be agree-
" able to you.—What do you think of thoſe let-
" ters, written by Dr. *Libel*, which you deſign-
" ed to print for original ones by the late lord—;
" and that paltry collection of poems, which you
" intend to publiſh as ſoon as the earl of——— is
" dead, with a preface, to make the town believe
" they were compoſed by his lordſhip.—Not to
" mention the old novel which you reprinted with
" a *new* title, and *new* names, the poſthumous
" works of *Charles Sock*, Eſq; which were
" cook'd up for you by *Tom Stravelling* for half a
" crown; and the volume of maxims, which
" the ſame Gentleman ſtole from the writings of
" TEMPLE, DENNIS, GORDON, and ſeveral
" other eſſayiſts.—Come, come, Sir, I ſhall *blow*
" you, if you won't be quiet."——By this re-
ſolute ſpeech of Mr. *Blot*'s his paſſionate Antago-
niſt was greatly diſconcerted: it affected him in-
deed ſo much, that he immediately loſt all his
leonine ferocity, and made the following reply to
it with the ſerenity of a quaker: " Well, well,
" Mr. *Blot*, I own I have been to blame—I am
" apt to be haſty ſometimes—you muſt make al-
" lowances. If you will dine with me to-morrow,
" you ſhall have your copy-money—But ſay no

" more

"more about this affair, Mr. *Blot*, we muſt not "betray each other."—S'death, cried *Blot*, did "not *you* begin firſt? I am ſure I have had plague "enough:——but you are miſtaken, Mr. *Pinch*, "if you think I can make a Simile whenever I "pleaſe."—"Well, well, my good Friend, ſaid "*Pinch* then take your own time, and make one "when you can—but pray conſider, that if you "are not ſoon in a cue for Similies, the ſeaſon "will be over." At the cloſe of this Speech he advanced to the door, with ſo much rapidity, that I was under a neceſſity of making a precipitate retreat from my *peeping-place*.

NUMB. IX. *Saturday, May* 8, 1756.

Who, who would live——juſt to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run
Day after day the ſtill-returning round
Of life's mean offices, and ſickly joys?
But in the ſervice of mankind to be
A guardian God below; ſtill to employ
The mind's brave ardor in heroic aims,
Such as may raiſe us o'er the groveling Herd,
And make us ſhine for ever, that is life.

THOMSON's Sophoniſba.

I HAVE often obſerved, that perſons of a ſtudious and thoughtful diſpoſition, who are addicted

addicted to meditation out of doors, as well as within, uſually carry their profound contemplations with them from the cloſet to the ſtreet. There amidſt the buſy hum of men, the rattling of wheels, and the ſmacking of whips, theſe ſerene beings, abſtracted from every occurrence around them, rivet their unmoving eyes upon the pavement, and ſeem to be rather poring after old iron, crooked pins, or the philoſopher's ſtone, than reflecting on the buſineſs which ſummons them abroad. People of this caſt are, I apprehend, ſectaries of that claſs of geniuſſes, who were known to the ancients by the name of Περιπατητικοι, or peripateticks. I have the honour to be one of this order, and have more than once, by a conſtant attention to the objects beneath my feet, diſcovered ſomething of value, which by reaſon of its humble ſituation had eſcaped the notice of thoſe who gaze aloft on high-raiſed ſigns, and cloud-cap't ſteeples: though I muſt own, that ſtudies of this ſort are not to be purſued with ſafety in the ſtreets of *London*; for it requires a very quick and penetrating eye to avoid the colliſion of paſſing and repaſſing bodies, and to remove expeditiouſly from the threaten'd ſhock of porters, chairs, and wheel-barrows. I have ſuffered much uneaſineſs from ſuch occurrences;

I have

I have often been laid proſtrate on the earth, joſtled againſt a poſt, or driven into a kennel. But my never-to-be-gratified love of thinking, a ailing almoſt inſeparable from old age, will not allow me to be more circumſpect, and prevent thoſe diſquietudes to which my ſpeculative humour perpetually ſubjects me.

As I paſſed the other day under the *Temple-Gate*, good fortune preſented to my view, a pocket-book curiouſly inveſted in a ſuit of gold and morocco. I raiſed it inſtantly from the ground, haſten'd with it to my lodgings, full of impatience to examine the contents, and open'd it in hopes of meeting with ſomething that might contribute to the entertainment of my readers. It appeared to be the property of an inhabitant of the *Temple*. The characters of mankind are never ſo juſt, ſo conſpicuous, and ſo impartial, as when they are drawn by their own pencils, in order to be reviewed by themſelves in their moments of privacy. Theſe pocket-companions may be called faithful confidents, to whom a man diſcloſes thoſe *Arcana* of his breaſt, which he would dread to communicate to the moſt intimate and beloved among his *living* friends. All the ſpecious gloſs which

at

at other times conceals the *real man*, is then intirely removed, and he ſtands before himſelf undiſguiſed by the maſk of hypocriſy.—I may venture, I believe, without expoſing the gentleman's name, to lay open to the view of the world ſome particulars, which though deſigned for private, may perhaps be of public ſervice.

I ſhall begin with the remarkable, but not uncommon manner in which he ſpent his time. This muſt undoubtedly be worthy our particular notice, becauſe the right employment of time, merits our higheſt regard. As the journal of a week may ſerve as well for a ſpecimen of the templar's occupations as the journal of a year, and as there is a great ſimilitude between one week and another, I will fix upon the —— day of ——

Mond. Morn.— Roſe at twelve — went to *George*'s. Mem. ſtrong coffee, a good anti-ſoporific—Five o'clock aftern.—dined at the *Bedford-Arms*. N. B. Drank only ten bumpers.—Even. at *King Lear*—diſcovered, by means of my glaſs, a charming creature in the front row of the

the one-ſhilling gallery.—Mem. To inſert the following advertiſment to-morrow: "Whereas "a young lady, divinely fair, dreſt in a blue ſat- "tin cardinal, a chip hat lined with pink, and "adorned with ſtreamers of the ſame colour, "with a large black velvet patch near her left "eye, ſat laſt night in the firſt row of the "one-ſhilling gallery at *Drury Lane*: this is to "inform her, that unleſs ſhe condeſcends to "take pity on a young inamorato, who is deſ- "perately wounded by the volley of arrows ſhe "ſhower'd upon him, while he preſumed from "his humble ſtation in the pit to lift up his eyes "to her cœleſtial perfections, he muſt infallibly "tumble down the precipices of deſpair and "perdition. A letter from her all-gracious "hands, directed to *P. Q. R. S. T.* at *George's* "coffee-houſe *Temple-Bar*, acquainting the un- "happy youth, when and where he may be "permitted to wait upon her, will, (next to "the enjoyment of her dear company) be "eſteemed the higheſt favour."

Tueſday Morn.——Attempted to read, but in vain—immenſely dull—not in a ſtudying humour—threw down my book—interrupted by my

my taylor with a 90 *l.* bill—prevailed on the ſcoundrel, with ſome difficulty, to ſtay till next quar. day—order'd *John*, in a very peremptory manner, to keep my outer door ſhut againſt all ſuch impertinent fellows for the future.—Took a ſtroll into the park.—Lady **** looked at me with a leer of invitation, and ſmiled.—Qu. Are not theſe ſtrong ſigns of love—Mem. To wear my laced hat ſomewhat lower on my right eye—Blue, untrimmed velvet looks genteeleſt.——Mem. To get a ſuit made with all poſſible expedition.

Wedn.——No anſwer to my ſprightly advertiſement—ſtrolled into the park—met with my advertiſed fair one—accompanied her to her lodgings five pair of ſtairs in *Black-Boy Alley, Cath. ſtreet*—dined with her at *Shakeſp.*—took a turn with her after dinner in the mall,—Loſt, I don't know how,—my gold watch, and embroidered purſe with all my caſh—ſurprized in a horrible ſhower of rain—no money for coach hire—beſt laced ſuit abſolutely ruined—caught a villainous cold.

Thurſd.—At home all day.—Curſedly muzzy—ſent *John* for a broker—pawned my ſilver hilted

hilted ſword, ſome uſeleſs law folio's, and other trifling moveables. — Fractured my *Cremona* about *John*'s head in a paſſion—lay down on the bed—dozed till next morning.

Frid. Dined at a general meeting of the *Buck Society*. N. B. Reſolved *nem. con.* to damn the new tragedy which is to make its appearance next week.

Sat. Engaged to ſup this evening with the ſame party at *Shakeſpear's head*.

Sund. Paſt *four* o' clock afternoon—got up—immenſely ſick—at *Shakeſp.* till *five* this morning—4 doz. Claret and 8 bowls of punch. Burnt our hats and wigs by general conſent. Toſſed empty bottles out at window--demoliſhed 2 pier glaſſes—6 china bowls—23 wine glaſſes, 1 table and 7 chairs—Bruiſing match between *Tom Driver* and *Dick Knucklebone*—*Tom* ſconced with the firſt blow—recovers; cloſes up *Dick*'s eyes with a full tankard of hot negus—ſallied out in a body — ſet the watch-houſe on fire—carried to the round-houſe, and from thence to Juſtice *F.*—gave bail. N.B. *Ned. Bumper* has juſt

ſent

ſent me word, we ſhall certainly come off for a cool *fifty* a-piece.

Here is a true copy from the journal of this gentleman's employment for ſeven days, committed to paper by his own hand. Were we to ballance his accounts at the end of the year, we ſhould find, I believe, almoſt the whole blank of his time filled up with eating, drinking and ſleeping; in adorning his perſon, in gratifying his appetites, and grovelling in all the occupations of a brute, but ſcarce a ſingle hour ſpent rationally, uſefully and becomingly.

How much ſuperior to this animal, (for he deſerves no other name) is Mr. *Manley*. He is a young man bleſt with fine natural parts, which he cultivates with the greateſt aſſiduity. He ſees with ecſtaſy the earlieſt rays of the ſun, and practiſes, with an amazing ſteadineſs, the virtues of temperance and ſelf-denial. He is continually improving and benefitting himſelf and his friends. He ſcorns the thought of baſely injuring any man, and never makes a promiſe, which he does not fully intend to perform. No importunate creditor troubles his repoſe at an untimely hour. His acquaintance, like his books,

are

are not numerous, but well choſen: between theſe, his ſtudies, and other neceſſary avocations, he divides his time. An unvarying chearfulneſs of temper gilds each happy moment of his life, not but that religion often demands his moſt ſerious attention, and in return beſtows upon him that unutterable tranſport which the unpolluted heart alone can feel. He ſmiles with diſdain at the loud laugh, the contumelious witticiſm, and the ſneering reproof of thoſe, who ſeem to deſpiſe him publickly, but revere or envy him in ſecret for his accompliſhments, and the wide diſparity between his conduct and their own. Amongſt all the vicious examples which ſurround him, he is reſolute, and not to be allured by any of them. No proſpect of gain or pleaſure, no flattery or ſolicitation can ſeduce him from the inflexible diſcharge of the duties which he owes his Creator, his parents, his friends and himſelf. — And to prove that he has not the ridiculous apathy of a ſtoic in his temper, he is at this time paying his moſt paſſionate addreſſes to a very worthy young lady, who is diſcerning enough to diſtinguiſh the man of ſenſe from the coxcomb, and has conſented, with the permiſſion of her parents, to make him happy.

NUMB.

NUMB. X. *Saturday, May* 15, 1756.

Vice, if it e're can be abash'd,
Muſt be, or ridicul'd or laſh'd;
If you reſent it who's to blame
I neither know you, nor your name.

SWIFT.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq;*

Dear NIC,

ARriving laſt *Saturday* from *Edinburgh*, I called at *Lownds*'s library, in order to hear what new publications there had been during my abſence. *There*, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, I was told, that you had enliſted under the banners of *Apollo*, and begun to attack the town pen in hand. The news ſhocked me ſo much, that I walked out of the ſhop, with the *World* in my pocket, greatly chagrined at thy indiſcretion, and could not help crying out peeviſhly — Pſhaw—what is the man bewitched? I thought he had more ſenſe than to turn ſcribbler at *this* time of life—Egad, NIC, let me tell you as a friend, that you are a very bold fellow, to ſet up a *Paper* in this criticizing, cavilling, cenſorious age—Several authors as ingenious

genious as yourſelf have been kick'd, cuff'd, horſe-whip'd, and pulled by the noſe for prying into other people's affairs, and publiſhing home truths.—But I hope *you* will always have a regard for your perſon and reputation, and take care not to run a riſque of being ſilenced for ſpeaking too plain.

My poſt under the government, gives me an opportunity of knowing what paſſes in the moſt commercial part of this metropolis. At *Jonathan's* I am often diverted to ſee the ſtocks riſe and fall, like the liquor in a thermometer, according to the ignorance or cunning of the buyer or ſeller. Sometimes I aſſociate with the ſons of *Galen* and *Hippocrates* at *Batſon's*, and ſee a young ſpruce apothecary, who by dint of a forehead well covered with braſs, and an autumnal perriwig, has lately ſet up a chariot, and now orders his patients to purge, bliſter and bleed with the peremptorineſs and ſelf-ſufficiency of a *R—k*. In ſhort, Sir, as I have it in my power to communicate a great many uſeful hints, entertaining ſtories, and intereſting anecdotes to you, if you will encourage a correſpondence, by printing this letter, I will aſſume the character of a *Jackall*, and furniſh you with food, which

you

you may cook up and prepare for your guests in what manner you please.

If any hugely-waisted alderman surfeits himself at an hospital-feast; if any tradesman's wife is catch'd with her husband's journey-man, while the good man is industriously following his occupation; if any boarding-school miss flies from her gouvernante to the arms of her father's foot-man, and if any lady of quality carries on an intrigue with her hair-cutter, you shall receive the earliest intelligence.

You may also expect some curious accounts from the *Bedford Coffee-House*, for the master of it has promised to acquaint me with all the material occurrences which happen among the choice spirits. And in return, I do hereby declare, that if any young buck shall presume for the future to sneak out at the back-door, without leaving his two-pence at the bar, I will send you his name, which you may publish, without striking off the *vowels*.

Farewel, old boy; go on, and prosper; and believe me to be most sincerely,

Your friend,

JACK TATTLE.

To Squire BABBLE,

——in *Kent*.

SIR,

I am but a plain sort of a man as you may

ſee by my writing, but no matter for that, I lives hard by a pure ingenious gentleman, no leſs a perſon than the curate of our pariſh, who you muſt know is a ſort of a what d'y' call it, a poet I think, and ſo he has your papers ſent him every week; and as he knows that I loves a bit of reading now and then, he lets me look over them of an evening: but may I be hanged Squire, if I can tell what to make of them, except it be here and there a word.—You talk ſo much of women's nakedneſs in ſome of them, that my dame who loves to be knowing, and who ſpins whilſt I read, thought as how it was the faſhion in *London* to wear no cloaths, and ſaid i'fackins huſband, it may ſave a mortal deal of money, but then methinks 'tis very undecent: but I told her you did but joke: though when ſhe ſaw the letter from *Roſe Plump*, ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſure that was no joke. But commend me to Mr. *Olive* the oilman: adſnigs he is a clever man, and knows how to manage madam.—A man that can ſtop his wife's clack is good for ſomething; for between you and I, Squire, that is a thing not always to be done; as you find in your own family, ſome of which have ſhowed themſelves to be wiſe men, by chuſing ſilent women. Why there is your couſin *Patty*, don't

don't be affronted, but hang me like a dog if I would marry her, though I was sure she had ten thousand pounds to her portion. Fay words a little against prating women, you can't say too much about that. My dame laughed till she could scarce see, at some of your *London* ladies talking of putting on breeches and fighting against the *French*—to be sure I am glad to find that there is such a pure spirit against that plaguy people; for I always hated a *Frenchman* as I do a toad, and adsnigs, if ever they land here, tho' by the bye I believe they are more cunning than that comes to, I don't doubt but we shall demolish every mother's son of them. But as to women's wearing the breeches, hold a bit there dame, said I, you are all ready enough to do that we know: however, dame thinks it is a burning shame for all the young men to live to be old batchelors. But that swearing paper about *Bet* and *Pinch*, I think you call them, who are they? a couple of fierce blades I warrant: adsnigs when I began to read it, dame looked quite scarified, and did not know what I was at, and thought at first as how I was in a terrible passion at her, and said she never heard me in such a woundy taking since last hay-time; but methinks, Squire, if I may speak my mind, it is a little too wic-

ked; only I ſuppoſe you really heard ſuch a diſcourſe—adſnigs how ſome folks will ſwear. God forgive them, but neither dame nor I can tell for the ſoul of us what it was all about. Pray Squire what may that ſame ſimile be; I aſked our curate, but he only fell a laughing; ſo to be ſure there is a good jeſt in it if I had but wit enough to find it out. I have thought on it, and thought on it again, but am never the neater; but will conclude here, only begging pardon for my boldneſs, but indeed if you was to write a little plainer, Squire, we country-folks might underſtand you better, and learn more knowledge.—So wiſhing you will take my homely advice in good part,

I reſt your hearty well-wiſher,

ROGER SMOAKY.

NUMB. XI. *Saturday, May* 22, 1756.

——Virtû *to ſuch a height is grown,*
All artiſts are encouraged——but our own.

GARRICK.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

AS an *Engliſhman*, and a true lover of my native land, I cannot ſee the performances

of

of foreign artists preferr'd to the labours of my own countrymen without indignation: and think people of diſtinction, and thoſe who are fond of apeing them, cenſurable for giving encouragement to the former, and treating the latter with indifference and neglect.

Curioſity led me ſome weeks ago to *Langford*'s room, where a collection of capital pictures was exhibited to view: I am a great admirer of the pictorial art, and will venture to ſay I have a little—you know what I mean, Mr. Babble,—though I am not a *Connoiſſeur*, I will confeſs honeſtly, Sir, that I beheld the genuine performances of ſeveral eminent foreign maſters, now no more, with delight; but I muſt alſo tell you freely, that there are ſeveral riſing geniuſſes in this kingdom, who, if properly patronized, wou'd produce pieces not inferior to the moſt celebrated *Antiques*; many of which, I will not ſcruple to affirm, are *elaborate copies*, and palmed upon people of fortune, by thoſe pretenders to taſte, thoſe ſworn foes to our *Engliſh* painters, the *Dealers*, for originals.—But to the point.

On ſurveying with admiration a fine *Claude*, I was accoſted by *Tom Canvaſs*, a very ingenious and induſtrious young fellow, for whom I

have a hearty regard: But I am afraid he will never make his way in the world by dint of merit: his dreſs was ſhabbily genteel, and he looked ſo much like the poor apothecary in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, that I did not immediately recognize him. After an interchange of compliments, he aſked me how I liked the collection. "Here "are ſeveral highly-finiſhed pieces, ſaid I, but "I want to ſee ſome paintings by *Engliſh* hands, "and particularly by your own."——"Why, "replied *Tom*, I have pieces enough at home, "which would make a pretty figure here, but "then they would be known to be mine, and "nobody would vouchſafe to look on the *pal-*"*try daubings.* Indeed if I had recourſe to the "dealer's arts, made uſe of the ſpaltham-pot, "and gave it out that they were executed by *Sig-*"*nor Canvaſſini*, all the *Connoiſſeurs* in town "would flock about them, examine them atten-"tively with their glaſſes, and cry out with "rapture,—*What ſtriking attitudes!—what warm* "*colouring!—what maſſes of light and ſhade!—* "*what a rich fore-ground!—Did you ever ſee any* "*thing more riant!*—If you will be ſo kind, "continued he, as to go with me to my lod-"gings, I will ſhew you a fine piece which I "have lately finiſhed."—I readily accepted of his

his invitation, in hopes of being ſerviceable to him.

We then left the *Piazza*, and proceeded to a miſerable houſe near the *Seven Dials*, in which, on the ſecond floor, was Mr. *Canvaſs*'s apartment. As ſoon as the ſtreet-door was opened, *Tom* deſired he might go up firſt to ſhew me the way, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty I followed him; for the ſtairs were ſo dark, narrow, winding and full of chaſms, that I was in danger of breaking my legs every ſtep I took. When we arrived at the top, my guide opened a rotten door, which admitted the light through numberleſs crevices, and diſcovered a ſmall dirty room, decorated with pictures, which helped to conceal the cracks in the walls, that had once been white. But my attention was ſoon taken off from inanimate objects, and fixed on living ones—my friend's wife and children.

Mrs. *Canvaſs* is tall, and form'd with the utmoſt delicacy; her complexion is extreme fair; ſhe has two blue eyes, *bien fendus*, a very pretty mouth, and light gloſſy hair. She is indeed a perfect beauty, but appeared in ſo unbecoming a *diſhabillé*, that I was at the ſame time both charm'd and ſhock'd. She was without ſtays, in a ragged greaſy bed-gown tied looſely over a ra-

ged, greaſy, ſhort, red petticoat, which gave me an opportunity of ſeeing the fineſt legs and feet I ever beheld, though diſguiſed by green ſtockings full of holes, and black leather ſhoes down at heel.—An old muſlin handkerchief was all her head-dreſs.—She was ſitting in a low, tottering chair, when we entered the room, with a large fine girl at her breaſt, and a roſe-lip'd boy about five years old, ſtood innocently ſmiling with a cherubic countenance, at her knees, and playing with his ſiſter's little finger, covered only with a ſhort dirty ſhirt. Mrs. *Canvaſs* gave me her chair, the only one in the room, fetched a joint ſtool for her huſband, and intreated us to ſit with the politeneſs of a princeſs.—As *Tom* was expected to dinner, the cloth was laid. It was a ſhabby bit of coarſe ſheeting, and on it was placed half a cold ſhoulder of mutton in a black and yellow earthen diſh; accompanied by a couple of wooden trenchers, a ſmall quantity of coarſe ſalt in a play-bill, a pewter-pot of porter, and a quarter of a peck loaf. The eldeſt daughter, a very fine girl about eight years of age, in a pink jacket full of ſlits and ſpots, was boiling a few radiſh tops in a glazed pipkin over a handful of fire: and a boy a year younger, was grinding ſome ochre in one of his father's *Monmouth-*

ſtreet

ſtreet waiſtcoats, with a narrow gold edging, which ſerved him for a coat.

Mrs. *Canvaſs* and her children hung round the room in various ſhapes.—*Here* ſhe was drawn like a *ſleeping Venus*, with her two ſons, like *Cupids*; the one throwing an azure mantle over her; the other endeavouring to peep under it. *There* ſhe was crowned with a garland of flowers by her daughter who attended her, like a *Grace*: in a *third* piece ſhe was a *Diana* with her nymphs; in a *fourth* a *Madonna* with her holy infant; in a *fifth* a *Magdalen*, and in a *ſixth* a *Lucretia*.—All theſe pieces were executed in ſo maſterly a manner, that I could have gazed on them with the higheſt ſatisfaction, had not the wretchedneſs of my friend and his family engroſſed my attention. I was pained to ſee ſo much merit and induſtry in the huſband, ſo much beauty and modeſty in the wife, and ſo much innocence and chearfulneſs in the children, unadmired and unrewarded. I called the youngeſt boy to me; gave him a guinea, and bid him carry it to his mama, that ſhe might buy cloaths for him. The poor woman bluſhed her thanks, and by ſo doing added new luſtre to her charms; while *Tom*, whoſe heart overflowed with gratitude, deſired her to procure a

chicken and a bottle of wine for my dinner: I could ſcarce hinder her from flying to obey her huſband—"Hold, ſaid I, Mr. *Canvaſs*, I "am engaged to day; but as I have a leiſure "half hour, give me leave to aſk you a few "queſtions, not out of an idle curioſity, but "with a ſincere intention to ſerve you. Your "performances, I think, deſerve the higheſt en-"comium, and I commend your fondneſs for ſo "amiable a wife, and ſuch fine children.—But "why don't you vary your objects?—Alas! "Sir, ſaid *Tom*, I would willingly vary my ob-"jects, but no body will give me an opportu-"nity by ſitting: beſides, this room is not pro-"per for the reception of company.—I "ſhould not have invited you to it, I aſſure you, "Sir, had not my vanity got the better of my "pride: for I longed to ſhew my pictures to a "man of real judgment, not conſidering that "while I exhibited *them*, I ſhould expoſe *my-"ſelf*."——"Why don't you begin with land-"ſcapes, ſaid I, or hiſtory pieces? I know you "are capable of excelling in thoſe branches; "you might finiſh *them* by yourſelf, and preſent "them to the public afterwards."——"Your "advice, Sir, is very good, and I would follow "it with all my heart, but as I told you be-

"fore,

"fore, nothing that's *Engliſh*, though ever ſo "well executed, will be reliſhed by the *Beau-* "*monde*. Once, indeed, I painted a landſcape "for a *dealer*, who gave me two guineas for "it, and ſold it for *fifty*, by telling every body "'twas a *Pouſſin*: I alſo finiſhed a few heads "for him, which he put off for the productions "of *Rembrandt*; but he gave me ſo paltry a "a ſum for them, that I could not afford to ſup-"ply him. I ſhould be glad to take a trip to "*Italy*, meerely for a *name*, but cannot think "of leaving my *Peggy* and her children, whom "I fondly love, and would work for with plea-"ſure night and day becauſe they are good "creatures, and can make themſelves happy "without the ſuperfluities of life." — This laſt ſpeech of *Tom*'s affected me very much: I agreed immediately to ſit for my own picture, and ordered two landſcapes for my library, which were ſoon painted and paid for: and with the money, *Tom* cloathed his family in a decent manner, and took a firſt floor in *Covent Garden*, to which I ſend all my acquaintance.

If you are deſirous of being thought a encourager of merit in your countrymen, Mr. BABBLE, you will warmly recommend them, and endeavour to convince men of fortune and faſhion, that

that *England* produces excellent painters as well as *France*, *Italy*, and *Flanders*.

By complying with this requeſt, you will be admired and eſteemed by a great many deſerving young fellows, and particularly oblige

Your very humble ſervant,

J F.

I am ſo well pleaſed with my correſpondent's true *Engliſh* ſpirit, and his generous behaviour, that I ſhall chearfully comply with his requeſt, and recommend the artiſts of my own country, without dreading the appellation of a *taſteleſs* Prater. And I hereby give public notice, that I expect all my relations, friends, acquaintance and readers, who would be thought ſound patriots, and encouragers of merit and induſtry, to ſit immediately for their pictures to *Engliſh* painters *only*, and to order their houſes, horſes, dogs, parks and gardens, to be drawn by the *ſame hands*.

NICHOLAS BABBLE.

NUMB. XII. *Saturday*, *May* 29, 1756.

——— *dare jura maritis*. HOR.

To give laws to huſbands.

WHILE I was looking over the *Advertiſer* at a coffee-houſe near *St. James*'s, I heard

heard a dialogue between ſome perſons of diſtinction, which entertained me very much, and made ſuch an impreſſion, that I committed it to paper as ſoon as I returned to my lodgings.

Sir *Charles Conſtant*, *Lord Lovejoy*.

Sir Ch. And ſo I can't prevail on you, my lord, to be one of our party this evening?

Lord L. No faith, *Charles*, you muſt excuſe me, for I have promiſed *Sukey Slammerkin* to ſup with her, and a man of honour you know can never think of breaking his word.

Sir Ch. Fie, my *Lord*, never boaſt of your honour, I beſeech you, if it is to be maintained in ſuch company.

Lord L. Nay, *Charles*, prythee don't be ſo ſevere upon the dear, little, delicious toad. —I have ſcarce ſeen her this week, and——

Sir Ch. If you made a reſolution never to pay her another viſit, my lord, it would be the beſt you ever made in your life.

Lord L. Why, Sir *Charles*, do you never go to a girl? Can a man of your ſpirit and vivacity feaſt every day on the features of a wife?

Sir Ch. I always find a rich banquet at home, my lord, and aſſure you, by all that's good, that I have not been to a girl ſince my wedding-day.—I have too high a notion of the mar-

marriage-ſtate, and too great a regard for my wife. But ſuppoſing that was not the caſe, I have too great a regard for my character and conſtitution.

Lord L. My character, Sir, is as unſullied as your's, let me tell you, and *my conſtitution*, as ſound.

Sir Ch. I am glad to hear you ſay ſo, my lord: then you have had better luck than you deſerve: excuſe my freedom: but I own I am ſorry to ſee you, who have ſo fine a lady, leave her for a creature compoſed of vice, folly, impudence, affectation and paint.

Lord L. Why my wife is ſeldom at home, and when ſhe is, I hear no complaints: we have ſeparate apartments, and are therefore never troubleſome to each other.

Sir Ch. I am very ready to believe indeed my lord, that her ladyſhip has but little reaſon to complain of any from your company. But what ſhe would do, if ſhe knew you neglected her for Miſs *Slammerkin*, or any other gentlewoman of that ſtamp, is another point.

Lord L. Why faith, I am apt to think ſhe wou'dn't make herſelf uneaſy about my intrigues.

Sir Ch. Then you muſt give me leave to ſay, my lord, that ſhe is ſtill more valuable, and I

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am the more aſtoniſhed that you can ſlight and diſregard ſo much worth

Lord L. By Gad now, I don't ſee any thing ſo extraordinary in my wife, let me periſh if I do; ſhe is diſtractedly fond of auctions, operas, and plays, routs, riddottos and maſquerades; and while ſhe is diverting herſelf one way, ſure I am at liberty to amuſe myſelf another.

Sir Ch. You make no difference then between going to *Suky's*, and going to *Langford's*?

Lord L. Not I faith.

Sir Ch. Why then, we will ſuppoſe, only by way of converſation, that my lady ſhould have as ſtrong an inclination for a pretty fellow as you have for a pretty girl, and receive him in her private cloſet, while you are toying with Miſs *Slammerkin*.

Lord L. What do you mean, Sir?—I don't underſtand you Sir, rat me if I do; — you talk, Sir——.

Sir Ch. Doucement, doucement, my lord. —We are only to ſuppoſe, you know.

Lord L. S'death, hell and furies, Sir, but I won't ſuppoſe any ſuch thing.—If I had the leaſt ſuſpicion——

Sir Ch. Look'ee there now.—A palpaple hit by *Jupiter*: then pray, my lord, permit me to aſk you

you one queſtion. Does your lordſhip really imagine that a married woman who keeps a gallant is more culpable than a married man who keeps a miſtreſs?

Lord L. Undoubtedly. Why there can be nothing more deviliſh than ſuch a diſpoſition in a wife.—And I tell you plainly, if I thought mine had the ſlighteſt tendency that way, I would—

Sir Ch. Hold, hold, my lord: you need not be apprehenſive of any ſuch treatment from her: but if conjugal infidelity would be ſuch a *crime* in *her*, it cannot, methinks, be a *virtue* in your lordſhip.—*Cuſtom* indeed authoriſes our ſex to take a great many liberties, which would be cenſured with the utmoſt ſeverity in the other; but *that*, I own, has ſo little weight with me, that if I kept or even viſited a wench, I ſhould expect my wife to put the *Lex Talionis* in execution, and entertain the firſt agreeable fellow ſhe met with.—If vice is unamiable in a woman, it cannot be amiable in a man.

Enter Colonel *Careleſs*.

Col. Your ſervant, Gentlemen, your ſervant. What news, what news?—what are you upon?

Lord L. Upon virtue, *Jack*, a thread-bare ſubject, and, to increaſe your ſurprize, virtue in a man.

Col.

Col. A very extraordinary topic, indeed, my lord, and the laſt I ſhould have thought of.

Lord L. Ay, you are a happy ſingle man; but Sir *Charles* has been preaching to us married wretches.—However, I'll be ſhot if you are not on my ſide of the argument.

Col. Don't be too ſanguine, my lord—let me hear it firſt.

Sir Ch. Why indeed I don't expect much from *Careleſs*, but I'll put the queſtion notwithſtanding.—— Won't you allow, Colonel, that the two ſexes ought to be upon a par after they are married, and that a woman has a right to be falſe to her huſband, if he is not true to *her*.

Col. Ay, faith, I think ſhe has, and therefore don't intend to marry, Sir *Charles*, becauſe I love variety; for I ſhould think it very tyrannical to make my wife dine every day on boiled chicken, whilſt I feaſted on ragouts and fricaſſies, ollios, turtles, and barbicued hogs.

Sir Ch. Why truly, my friend, I believe your diſhes are chiefly *compounds*, for which I who am a thorough admirer of ſimplicity, have no reliſh. — And this is your reaſon for not venturing upon a wife?

Col. Ay, Sir *Charles*, and a very good reaſon in my humble opinion. — What ſay you, my lord?

Lord

Lord L. I am not a proper perſon to catechize, colonel. You may as well aſk a man in the condemned hole, how he likes his irons.

Sir Ch. Nay, my lord, matrimony cannot ſurely be to you ſo miſerable a ſtate, for you have juſt confeſſed that my lady gives you no uneaſineſs, and given very broad hints that you ſhouldn't mind her if ſhe did.

Lord L. Not I, faith — But what the devil, *Charles*, makes you ſo warm an advocate for marriage, and ſetting down tamely with one woman for life, and all that ſilly ſtuff? By gad I remember you quite another ſort of a fellow.

Sir Ch. I was once, my lord, a giddy, unthinking creature, and ardently purſued what I then falſely called pleaſure. — But I am ſenſible of my errors. — Reflection has opened my eyes, and I am endeavouring to make thoſe who are engaged in the ſame purſuits ſee as clearly the ill conſequences of them as I do.

Lord L. But ſuppoſe they had rather be blind. And to deal freely with you, *Charles*, I ſhouldn't thank you for opening my eyes only to look at a hideous proſpect, which I knew nothing of before.

Sir Ch. No, my lord—But if I ſaw you on the

the brink of a precipice, I ſhould think it my duty, as a man, to make you ſenſible of your danger, and to lead you to a place of ſafety.

Lord L. Ah, *Charles!* I am afraid I ſee the precipice but have not power to avoid it.

Sir Ch. Nay then, my lord, you are much worſe than I imagined: for he who knows he acts wrong, and yet perſiſts in ſo doing, is ten times more blameable than the man who is only guilty through ignorance.—But come, come, my lord, you will make uſe of your reaſon by and by; you are not ſo incorrigible as you would make me believe. The kind attention which you lend to my ſermon (as you perhaps may call it) is a proof that you are capable of amendment. When a man can bear to hear reaſon againſt himſelf, I have always a good opinion of him.

Lord L. I don't know how it is, *Charles*, but you have a very winning manner.

Sir Ch. You pleaſe me, my lord, by telling me I have ſuch a manner, but will give me more pleaſure by taking my advice, becauſe you will thereby convince me that you ſpeak ſincerely.—Only try, my lord—I know it will hurt you a little at firſt—but who would not endure the pain of parting with a rotten tooth to get rid of it for ever.

Lord

Lord L. Egad, *Charles*, thou art ſo clever a reaſoner, that let me die if I know how to refuſe you any thing.

Sir Ch. Since that is the caſe then, my lord, give us your company to-night.

Lord L. Well, if it muſt be ſo, I agree.—Are we not a couple of ſtrange animals, colonel?

Col. Faith, my lord, you will think me ſtranger than either of you, when I tell you that *Charles* has almoſt made me a convert to matrimony, and that I ſhould be ready to enter into that ſtate, if I could but find a ſuitable companion *for ever and for aye.*

Lord L. Well ſaid, *Careleſs*—do, be one of us, and curſe me if I laugh at you.

Sir Ch. The Colonel is not afraid of being laughed at, I dare ſay, my lord; he only thinks he may not happen always to have an appetite for *boiled chicken.*

Lord L. Very good, *Charles*, very good; give me your hand—boiled chicken——Ha, ha, ha.

Col. No, s'death, 'tis not that neither; for I do verily believe, Sir *Charles*, that there are joys to be found in a domeſtic life ſuperior to any other; and if I can meet with a woman to my taſte, who has a propenſity to like *me*, (for that's the main point) I believe I ſhall give her

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my hand, heart and purſe —— but don't tell every body what I ſay.

Sir Ch. No, no, we will keep your ſecret moſt religiouſly—but come, my lord, it grows late — ſhall we be going? —— *Colonel* your humble——

Lord L. Adieu, *Careleſs.*

Col. Gentlemen, yours.

NUMB. XIII. *Saturday, June* 5, 1756.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
POPE.

PASSING by my friend *Aimwell*'s houſe yeſterday in the afternoon, I was taken notice of by his lively daughter, who ſat near the parlour-window, and beckoned me in ſo particular a manner, that I concluded ſhe had ſomething of importance to communicate, and therefore rapped at the door with the impatience of a letter-carrier.

On entering the room, I found *Harriet* performing the honours of the tea-table before a ſhowy circle of her own ſex, and a ſprightly young fellow, whom I have frequently ſeen with her of late.—As I am not found of a crowd, tho' a brilliant one, I told her I would wait on her when ſhe was leſs engaged; but ſhe intreated me with her accuſtomed vivacity not to withdraw; "I deſire you will take your tea here, "Mr. BABBLE, ſaid ſhe. You need not be "afraid of us, continued ſhe in a half whiſper, "we ſhall take care to behave more reſpectfully, "and be more ſparing of our invectives againſt "old batchelors. — You underſtand me." —This arch ſpeech of hers made me ſurvey her with a great deal of accuracy. I did not immediately diſcover the cauſe of ſo much *gaiete de cœur*, but when I cloſely examined the eyes of her female companions, I perceived they were enviouſly turned upon her, becauſe ſhe engroſſed the looks of her male viſiter, who ſeemed, indeed, to view her with the attention and ſenſibility of a lover. By this diſcovery I could eaſily account for her uncommon flow of ſpirits, and readineſs of expreſſion, and therefore determined

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ned to ſit ſnug, in order to make remarks on the whole *groupe*. It was ſome time before I could gain any intellegence by the help of my auricular organs, becauſe they all talked at once, but when the tea-equipage was removed, they chattered together in parties. The beau devoted himſelf entirely to my *ward*, and in ſo doing, made her ſo *prodigiouſly* happy, that ſhe was ſcarce able to conduct herſelf with decorum. Viſibly elated with the thoughts of being preferred to all her acquaintance, ſhe played off ſome airs and graces ſo triumphantly, and ſhewed ſo many ſymptoms of coquettry and affectation, that I longed to have a private interview with her, and to give her a few friendly hints. As I was diſguſted with her behaviour, I went to another part of the room, and ſat near a couple of homely girls, who were loudly exclaiming againſt beauty in woman; declaring they would not be handſome "for the world." Then they made a quick tranſition to ſilks, ribbons, laces, &c. &c. &c. — "This is a ſweet pretty pattern." — "That's a hideous one." — "This ruffle is too ſcanty."

"That

"That has no ſlope at all."—"Miſs *Frize* looks like a witch in grey powder."—"Miſs *Joint* to be ſure is well enough, but then ſhe has ſuch a monſtrous hand and foot."—"Aye, and yet ſhe wears bracelets."—"What, with that fiſt?" "Don't you think Miſs *Aimwell* looks exceſſively red this afternoon?"—"She gives herſelf violent airs I think."—"Lard, well I think verily ſhe ſquints." "No, no, but ſhe has a filthy caſt with her eye."——Tired with this empty, unedifying converſation, I went to another ſet, who were endeavouring to thruſt a ſquirrel into Mr. *Bellair*'s pocket, becauſe they could not endure to ſee *Harriot* in a *Tete-a-Tete* with him. This gentleman, tho' chagrined to be interrupted in the midſt of his *Douceurs*, was obliged to ſay a few civil things to his miſtreſs's viſiters in order to keep them in a tolerable humour. In ſhort, I was ſo diſſatisfied with the behaviour of all the ladies, that I produced my pocket-book, and told them I would, with their permiſſion, read a tale, written ſome hundred years ago by an oriental ſage, and tranſlated by their humble ſervant,

for

for the Use of his fair Countrywomen. *Harriet* composed her own Features, and endeavoured to make her giggling Companions attentive.

Zulima, the Daughter of *Abukazan*, was formed for pleasure, and finished for delight. She was tall as the towering Palm, and strait as the lofty Pine. Her countenance was animated with the Glow of Health, and her Smile was as the Dawn of the vernal Day. *Symmetry* was discernible in every Limb, in every Gesture *Grace*. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared she was fairer than a *Houri*; and even the Daughters of the Land confessed she was beautiful.

Yet with all her personal advantages, *Zulima*, tho' she excited admiration, could not attract esteem. She was thoughtless and volatile, fantastical and capricious, and so giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of the Raven, and turned them up under a muslin, bordered with silver and gold; sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders, over

an azure robe, and placed new-blown roſes on her forehead, which was as ſpacious as a full Moon. Sometimes ſhe threw a tranſparent Veil over her, but practiſed a thouſand arts to make it riſe and fall, and diſcover to the enamoured gazer, Teeth white as the tuſks of the Elephant, Lips red as the ruby of *Ara*, Cheeks tinged with the bluſhes of the Morning, and Eyes piercing as thoſe of the Eagle.

While ſhe was reclined on a Sofa, one Evening, after a ſultry Day, under a pavilion in the Garden of her Father *Abulcazem*, and lay ruminating on methods to increaſe her Charms, and extend her Conquests, ſhe ſaw a thick ſmoke riſe out of the ground. It curled like a Vine, and aſcended like a Column. While ſhe was earneſtly watching its progreſs, a little Old Man, with a Beard whiter than Snow, which reached to his Feet, appeared before her. "*Zulima*, ſaid he, "liſten to the voice of Inſtruction, and let not "the accents of Reproof be diſregarded. I am "the Genius *Modaric*. I behold thy Beauties "with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know "I behold them with concern. I am come "from the bottom of the Earth, to teach thee "Wiſdom, and to ſnatch thee from Deſtruction. "Follow my advice and be happy. Thou vain-

"ly

" ly fancieſt, unthinking Fatima! that the fame
" of thy Beauty will be wafted to the Pinnacles
" of [illegible], ſung by thy Admirers, and that
" their Applauſes will be heard from the Cliffs of
" Taurus to the Indian Ocean. Thou doſt not
" conſider, a frail Child of the Duſt, that thou
" art ſubject to the moſt loathſome Diſtempers;
" that Time [illegible] may
" render thee an object of deteſtation, and that
" the Springs of Life may be poiſoned by Mala-
" dies unquenchable. If the Angel of Provi-
" dence ſhould intercede for thee at the Throne
" of the Great Alla, if the Governor of the Uni-
" verſe ſhould command the Clouds of Sickneſs
" never to burſt upon thy Head, yet no [illegible]
" healing Angel can ſecure thee from the Chills
" of Age, and diſengage thee from the Talons
" of Decrepitude. Thy long-darting Eyes muſt
" loſe their luſtre, and grow dim with years;
" thy blooming Cheeks muſt be ſhrivell'd like
" autumnal Leaves; and thy graceful Body muſt
" be bent like the Bow of the Hunter. Thy
" Admirers will then ſhun Thee with as much
" Caution as they would the Mouth of a famiſh-
" ed Tyger, or the Jaws of an hungry Croco-
" dile; and ſtart from Thee affrighted as if they
" had felt the ſting of a Scorpion, or the punc-
" ture of an Aſp. Then wilt thou be the un-

hap-

happiness of Women. Thou indeed with [illegible] much solicitude thy outward form, which will perish like a Garment devoured by the Moth, and which will be smitten by the arrow of Death, as Grass is levelled by the Scythe of the Mower, whilst thy Mind, which will endure for ever, resembles the barren Mountain, or the uncultivated Desart. Think therefore, O Daughter of Pleasure, how it is to be Ruled, whilst thou art capable of Reflection. I am come from the bottom of the Earth to warn thee against wine, luxury, and even sloth. Watch thy Behaviour with the strictest Vigilance, and let not the slightest Signs of Pride, Levity, or Self-admiration, be perceptible in thy Looks, thy Actions, or thy Words. Seem not to be conscious of thy Charms, and they will beam forth with redoubled splendor. Forget that thou art fairer than other Women, and thou wilt be the fairest among them. Be not over studious to make thy Neck shine with the glossy Pearls of *Manar*, and thy Hair glitter with the Diamonds of *Golconda*. Be neat in thy Person, be plain in thy Apparel. Simplicity is beyond Magnificence. Loveliness wants not the aid of ornament, but is when unadorned, adorned the most. Do not hang yet

over Fountains for the Pleasure of seeing thy Image reflected in them.—Such a Desire can only be prompted by Vanity, and ought therefore to be suppressed. Censure not thy Virgin Companions, because they have not the same external Accomplishments thou art favoured with, for they may be possessed of Accomplishments superior to thine, though they are not so conspicuous. Behold this Talisman, view it with attention: It is the Talisman of Truth, made with the finest Crystal, and so wonderfully constructed, that it will not only shew thee what thou art, but what thou shouldst be. When thou resemblest in every respect the Character I have drawn for Thee, thou wilt appear in the most amiable light; but when any irregular Passion, or any vicious Inclination takes possession of thy heart, and disinclines Thee to commit an unbecoming, or an immoral Action, thou wilt see thyself in the most odious colours.—Thou wilt be changed into a Monster of Ugliness. In such circumstances think on me. Repent, reform, and thou wilt be restored to thy pristine Beauty."—When the Genius had uttered the last Word, he put the Talisman into her Hand, and instantly disappeared, with the Pillar of Smoke, but left a scent behind him grateful as the Evening Breeze

which plays among the *Sabæan* Spices, or the fragrant Gale which flutters upon the gum-diffusing Trees of *Arabia*.

Zulima's aſtoniſhment at the ſudden appearance of the Genius, deprived her of the Powers of Speech, but the various emotions which he felt during his addreſs to her were characterized in her Countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her Perſon, ſhe threw off her Veil with Exultation: Her Eyes ſparkled with Joy, her Boſom panted with Satisfaction. But when he informed her that ſhe was ſubject to the moſt loathſome Diſtempers, ſhe trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the Gripe of Age, and ſhuddered at the mention of the Talons of Decrepitude. When he told her ſhe would be deſerted by her Admirers, as ſoon as ſhe had no Charms to allure them, ſhe was torpid with amazement; but when he afterwards aſſured her ſhe would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her Heart danced with rapture, and her Lips quivered with ecſtacy. She was ſomewhat diſconcerted to hear him prefer Plainneſs, Neatneſs and Simplicity, to Pomp, Grandeur and Magnificence; and to hear Self-admiration and Cenſoriouſneſs condemned by him with Severity. She was convinced however, ſoon

after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the Rules he had prescribed for on surveying herself in the Talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her Person, that she was struck with Fear, and let it fall to the Ground; but when she carefully took it up, with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked on a second View, as engaging as ever. From that Moment she determined to obey her Monitor with punctuality; and after having prostrated herself to implore the assistance of Him who dwelleth in the Third Heaven, she returned to the House of her Father.

NUMB. XIV. *Saturday, June* 12, 1756.

Rivatur de lanâ sæpe caprina. HOR.

Much ado about Nothing.

"PEevishness, says a nervous Writer, may "be considered as the canker of life, that "destroys its vigour, and checks its improve-"ment; that creeps on with hourly depreda-"tions, and taints and vitiates what it cannot "consume."

Persons of a fretful, quarrelsome disposition, apt to take a light offence, and to be ruffled by trifles, may truly be called self-tormentors, and

the peſts of ſociety. Such perſons meet with frequent diſappointments, becauſe they expect from the world a tame compliance with all their capricious humours; and deſerve to meet with them, becauſe their expectations are unreaſonable. When a man's temper, indeed, has been ſoured by ſickneſs, and a ſeries of real calamities, he is not an object of contempt but of pity; and his little ſtarts of choler, piſhes, pſhaws, and diſcontented interjections, ſhould be patiently borne with. But the majority of wayward, waſpiſh people, are not entitled to the leaſt indulgence. They ought to be thwarted whenever their petulant humour makes them troubleſome.

Peeviſhneſs, tho' it may perhaps be ranked among the troubles to which we frail mortals are liable, ſometimes prompts us to commit criminal actions, and then becomes a vice. I have ſeen ſo many of my fellow creatures of both ſexes ſuffer for the gratification of this foible, that when I make my morning and evening addreſſes to the giver of all good things, I never fail to reckon a contented mind among the bleſſings which he vouchſafes to beſtow upon me.

I received yeſterday morning an early, and very unexpected viſit from an old acquaintance, about my own age, who retired to his manſion

houſe

houſe in *Berkſhire* thirty years ago, in a pet; where he has led, till within this fortnight, a ſullen ſolitary life, diſguſted with himſelf and every body around him.—When he entered my apartment I ſurveyed him with aſtoniſhment, and could not help ſaluting him abruptly.—“Good God, ſir, what has brought you to *London*?”—“Nothing, ſaid he, but abſolute neceſſity, I aſſure you, ſhould have brought me hither, and I heartily hope I ſhall not be long detained here; for this confounded town, maſter *Babble*, is very much altered for the worſe, I can tell you, ſince I left it. A man can't now-a-days walk along the ſtreets quietly, without running a riſque of having his ſkull fractured, his limbs broken, or at leaſt his hat knocked off, and his cloaths torn. *Things were not ſo bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago.* Why even this morning I met with ſeveral provoking accidents. Before I turned the corner of the ſtreet I lodge in, I was overtaken by two raſcally barbers boys, who jammed me between them, and beſmeared me with powder; and while I was endeavouring to bruſh it off, a ſon of a gun of a chimney ſweeper covered one ſide of my coat with ſoot. I verily believe the impudent young dogs take a pleaſure in teaſing me; for on my looking fiercely at one of them, and rebuking him warmly for his inſo-

" lence," he reply'd in a furly tone, and with a " glouting look—" Curfe your eyes, you old " cuff you; what, are you purblind?" A little farther, four or five fellows fpread themfelves acrofs the foot path, and would not budge an inch, tho' I very civilly intreated them not to ſtand ſo thick; ſo that I was obliged to go without the poſts in order to avoid them, by which means I was ſplaſhed from head to foot by a pair of mettleſome coach horſes, who trotted by me as faſt as they could. About twenty yards farther I unluckily trod on a looſe ſtone; and cauſed a great deal of dirty water (for you know it rained hard laſt night) to fly into my face, and almoſt cloſe up my peepers.—*Things were not ſo bad,* I can tell you, *thirty years ago, when I lived in London.*—Times are ſtrangely altered ſince the year *twenty ſix.*—There is now a total depravation of manners.—I meet with nothing but inſults wherever I go.

I was yeſterday at a coffeehouſe near the *Temple*, and could not be furniſhed with the news papers till every body in the room had read them; and I moreover received a groſs affront from one of the pragmatical waiters, who not only brought my chocolate quite cold, but had alſo the aſſurance to offer it to me with a large beetle ſwimming

ming in it; and I overheard a coxcomb in the next box say to one of his prigging companions, "Smoke the old gentleman, Jack, what a forlorn wretch it is!" "My cloaths are not out, my hat is not cock'd, nor is my wig curled according to the fafhion in vogue; but muft a man be inſulted becauſe he dreſſes as he likes? Plague on the fafhions, ſay I? — Every wiſe man will have a fafhion of his own, and not make himſelf look like a monkey to pleaſe any body. — And then people have got a trick now a days, of puſhing along, and ſhoving one in the rudeſt manner imaginable. — Laſt *Friday* — no, I tell a ſtory, — I mean laſt *Monday*, a blundering blockhead ruſhed by me with ſuch violence, that I was within a foot of falling into one of thoſe abominable cellars which are open in all quarters of the town, like traps to catch people who go too near them. While I was venting my ſpleen againſt this fellow, another who followed me ſeized me by the arm in ſuch a manner, that if I had been in debt, I ſhould have fancied myſelf within the gripe of a bailiff: and who ſhould it be but an impertinent jackanapes in a livery, who wanted me to make way for him becauſe he was in a hurry forſooth; could not the fellow have ſaid, with your leave, or by your leave? — *Things were not ſo bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago.*" — I could not help ſmiling here at

my friend's vehement exclamations against the present times, and interrupting him in the midst of them, "You forget, said I, that you were then a young man in high ſpirits, and did not mind a puſh or two in the ſtreet; but now the things which you took little notice of then are magnified, and become leſs bearable."—"Poo, poo, ſaid he, do you think I don't know how things were, and how they are altered for the worſe?—God ſend me ſafe and ſound out of this corrupted city, and I will never ſet foot in it again."—"Well, replied I, I am glad to ſee you ſafe arrived at my lodgings after all your troubles."—"Safe? ſaid he, Safe? ay, ay, I am indeed ſafe at preſent, as you call it, but how long ſhall I remain ſo;—will you inſure me from all croſs accidents, and perilous adventures while I ſtay in town?"—"You muſt walk with more circumſpection, ſaid I, and then I hope you will not meet with ſo many misfortunes: you muſt conſider, my friend, that you don't tread quite ſo firmly as you did in your juvenile days.—"Firmly, ſaid he,—What ſignifies a man's treading firmly when brutal carmen, chairmen, and barrow-women are ſuffered to block up the footway, and abuſe you if you don't make room for them; a pack of bullying ſcoundrels, and brazen fac'd jades."—"Indeed, my friend, ſaid I, 'tis not worth while to be in a paſſion about

life, and the tranquillity of a country life.—Were you to [illegible] you would not be so acutely pained by some of its smells, and chagrined by the brutality, or inadvertency of some of its inhabitants. I must own indeed there are several regulations wanting; but those regulations are not to be made by such people as you and I. If magistrates will not exert their authority, and endeavour to rectify publick nuisances, we can't make them do——'Tis better therefore, I think, to bear without repining, the evils which we can't remove, than to make ourselves uneasy about them:—those who are too quickly discomposed by the common accidents of life, contract a peevishness which renders them unsociable, unamiable, and consequently unhappy."—"Lookee, Mr. *Bubble*, replied he, 'tis an easy matter to preach, but not so easy to practise;—you talk very fluently, and I am glad with all my heart that you make yourself so happy; but, for my part——Here we were luckily interrupted by the arrival of our coffee and *Yorkshire cakes*.

The conversation then turned on more agreeable subjects; my friend was greatly refreshed by his breakfast, and left me soon afterwards in a tolerable mood.

NUMB.

Velut in speculo.

In the Mirror.

WHEN a few Moons had passed away, *Hamet*, a young Man of large possessions, and remarkable integrity, demanded *Zaida* for a Wife. His Palace dazled the eye with its magnificence. His Dress was purple embroidered with gold, and the jewels in his Turban shined like the Rays of the Sun. He commanded by inheritance, an extensive tract of Land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and Flocks without number bleated in his pastures. Yet in the midst of his riches *Hamet* was temperate; nor Women only had he in his Haram. He had many personal perfections, but they were trifling compar'd to the Beauties of his Mind, which resembled an Emerald of inestimable value, depolited in a golden casket. The first view of *Zaida*'s uncommon charms, struck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his ravished

eyes

eyes as majeſtic as the Cedar of *Lebanon*, and graceful as the Tulip of *Candahar*. He poured forth his Soul before her, called her the light of his Life, and ſwore ſhe was more lovely than the daughters of Paradiſe. *Zulima* ſoon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and imagining too haſtily that ſhe muſt increaſe his ſenſibility, by retarding the completion of his wiſhes, and quicken deſire by protracting the moment of poſſeſſion, urged him, by turns, to hope and to deſpair, by every feminine artifice ſhe could think of. But *Hamed* ſoon diſcovered, that the heart of *Zulima* was as deceitful as the Ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that ſhe was neither charmed by his Perſon, nor captivated by his Manners. He diſcovered, that the voice of adulation alone was muſic to her Ear, and that ſhe was blind to all Beauties but her own. At this diſcovery his Soul was filled with indignation. Reſentment extinguiſhed all emotions of tenderneſs, and drove him abruptly from her preſence.

Zulima, as ſoon as *Hamed* had left her, haſtened to her Taliſman with the rapidity of a Roe, to ſee in what light ſhe had appeared to him, and to embelliſh herſelf with new Graces againſt the next interview; for as he had not mentioned his intention

intention never to return the [illegible] fanning the flames of Love with fresh allurements; [illegible] her spirits flow with unusual briskness, and her feet bound with unusual agility. But how great was her surprize, when, instead of Eyes sparkling with pleasure, and Cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished mirror a monster of ugliness. Shocked at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her alter'd Image. She gazed and was astonished. *Modesty* influenced, entered into her mind. She found, on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of *Hamet* not out of regard for him, not out of obedience to her father, not from a desire to be happily married, but to hear the sighs of fondness, to have her Ears regaled with the soothing strains of Eulogy, to be admired and praised, to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her. She repented, and at the same time determined to receive *Hamet* with more affability, and to listen to him with more attention: to deserve his Love, and to merit his Esteem. These resolves had, in some measure, the wished-for effect. She saw with ecstasy her face by degrees recover its accustomed bloom; but its bloom, alas, was recovered too late, for *Hamet* had, during the eclipse of it, placed his affections

affections of *Zelis*, the Daughter of *Nouradin*, and friend of *Zulima*.

Zelis, though not of striking a Beauty as *Zulima*, was not less engaging. *Zulima* shone, like the Sun in its meridian splendor; *Zelis* like the Sky, tinged with its rising and departing rays. The first resembled a large Edifice, full of lofty Apartments, decorated with the most costly ornaments, and blazing with the united lustre of gems and gold. The last might be compared to a small plain Building, executed with the utmost elegance, and adorned with the utmost simplicity. *Zulima* was more admired than *Zelis*, but *Zelis* was more beloved than *Zulima*.

Zelis had an expressiveness in her countenance, which was, like the Magnet, irresistibly attracting. She was modest, gentle, affable, and unconscious of her Perfections. These amiable qualities soon bound the heart of *Hamet* in adamantine Chains. He was pleased with her Person, but enraptured with her Mind, and had soon the satisfaction to find that *Zelis* view'd him with equal delight, lov'd him with equal ardor, and esteem'd him with equal sincerity. The news of their intended union flew with the swiftness of Lightning to the House of *Abukazan*. *Zulima* felt a disorder she had never

worthy

worthy of his Esteem. While *Gadge* was thus employed, and while *Zelis* reflected on the coldness of her Lover with tears and with complainings, *Zaima* was full of glorious doubts, and charming fears. The cruelty of this diversion from rectitude, by usurping to lessen *Hamed*'s affection for *Zelis*, gave her many uneasy throbs; but those were agreeable sensations, compared to the piercing pangs she felt, when she reflected on the turbulency of her actions. Conscious of the mischiefs she was perpetrating, she was pre-eminently wretched. Her Mind was agitated like the land of the Delars by a Whirlwind! Revenge engrossed her Thoughts: it nibbled every other Idea, and eradicated every other Passion: she vowed to pursue *Zelis* to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of *Hamed*, though she observed at the same time the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to forward herself in the Talisman of Truth, and *Modesty* was no longer remembered by her. One Evening, while she was in this tempting situation, *Gadge* informed her, that by plentifully filling the mind of *Hamed* with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of *Zelis*, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of

her

her charms. But when she heard the birds with their cries, and clothed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable Rival, began to decke herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the Rainbow glowed on her silky vestments. But her joy was of short duration, for on casting her Eye accidentally on the Fountain, she sunk down upon her Sofa without motion and without sense. — While the Slaves were to procure a reluscitating Medicine, the Earth opened, and *Alburic* appeared. *Zulma*, heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a Cataract, and awaked — but was awe-struck, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that stratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She reddened with shame, and was abashed. — When thus the Genius — Thou canst not conceal thyself, O Daughter of the Duft, from an all-seeing Eye. Thou hast made use of the most criminal methods to render thyself an object of Horror. I am now come to entice thee to act right, but to condemn thee for having acted wrong. Thy crimes are of so black a dye, they cannot be punished with too much rigour. I warned thee of thy danger, when thou stoodst tottering on the brink of a precipice — why didst thou not

follow

follow my Counsel?—Know, inconsiderate *Zulima*, that a beautiful Woman, without Innocence and Virtue, is like [illegible] in Winter, stript of its foliage, and its fruit.

When he had uttered these words, he struck the unhappy *Zulima* with his Wand. She instantly became a spotted Serpent, and crawled upon the Earth before him. *Abdaric* then turned to *Cadige*, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a Plant, which the Sages of Physic always administer, when the Powers of Reason are suspended.——Behold, said he, thy wretched Child. Seven years shall she thus creep upon the ground, a noisome reptile in the Gardens of *Hamed*, who now revels in his Bower, compleatly happy in being united to *Zelis*, the most amiable Woman in the East. When she can take a pleasure in the felicity of others, she shall re-assume a human form.—Seven years shall she continue in Beauty's brightest bloom, but without one Lover to sooth her Pride; one Admirer to flatter her Vanity. If at the expiration of the last Year, she is convinced of her past errors, and can render her Mind as faultless as her Person; she may then, even *Zulima* may then be Happy.

At the Conclusion of this Speech he sunk into the Earth again, which closed with a noise like the bursting of a Cloud impregnated with sulphur.

NUMB. XVI. *Saturday, June 28, 1755.*

WHEN I had finished the Tale, my fair Auditors, who hall with the utmost difficulty, chained up their tongues while I was reading it, opened all at once with clamour and impetuosity, and gave their opinions with so much confusion, that I could only distinguish half-formed words, and broken sentences, such as, — "*Zulima* — a Coquet — *Hamet* — a stupid "Wretch — The Genius — a rigid old Fellow." But as I was very desirous of hearing the sentiments of each of them without interruption, I intreated them to speak, if possible, *one at a time*. My request was, with some hesitation, complied with. Miss *Bloss*, a very pretty Girl on my right hand, said; "I think *Zulima* was "extremely ill treated; what signifies it to be "handsomer than other people, if one is not to "be admired? one may as well be always old "and ugly, as live as if one did not know one "was pretty. I think every Woman should

"make

" make the moſt of herſelf. I am ſure the Gun-
" nings did ſo." —— Before I had an opportunity
to anſwer this vivacious ſpeech, Miſs Bear, a
Lady about Thirty, whom the Small-pox had
ſpoilt for a Toaſt in her twenty-fifth year, replied,
" I can't help thinking in a different manner. I
" have known what it was to be handſome, but
" really it created ſo much uneaſineſs and anxie-
" ty, either for fear of loſing of it, or of making
" nothing of it, that I begin to think Agreeable-
" neſs infinitely preferable to Beauty. I have
" read ſomewhere, but can't juſt now recollect
" the place, for 'tis a great while ago, that the
" Women who had the feweſt perſonal charms,
" had always the greateſt influence over the
" Men." —— " Aye, ſaid a lively Creature,
" with a pair of expreſſive eyes, who ſeemed to
" be the brighteſt of the Company, it does not
" ſignify a pin's point, whether people are hand-
" ſome or ugly, provided they can be admired
" and flattered; and for my part I had rather be
" as frightful as a Witch with half a ſcore of
" Lovers, than as beautiful as an Angel without
" a ſingle Dangler." —— " To be ſure you are
" quite right Madam, ſaid a homely Girl, Beau-
" ty is only a temptation, and brings people into
" all manner of miſchief, as you ſee by the Sto-
" ry." —— " For my part, ſaid Miſs Jyl, I
" I don't ſee *Zuliena* had any Faults at all. I
" think ſhe was moſt unreaſonably puniſhed.

" What

" What, could not a Woman discard a Lover,
" if she does not like him? and how can she tell
" whether she likes him till she has tried him?"
This Speech occasioned a general Te--he--, and I overheard Miss *Defoux* say to her next Neighbour, in a loud whisper, " aye and she has tried " several, or else she is monstrously belied."—— Mr. *Bellair*, then addressing himself to *Harriot*, said, " Several Ladies, Madam, have declared " their sentiments concerning the Heroine of this " *Tale*, but nobody has mentioned the *Hero* of " it. —— Pray, what do you think of *his* Con- " duct? ——— " Why, I think, replied she, " that he was in the right to quit *Zulima*, as he " imagined she was only playing the Coquet; " but he was rather too hasty; for if he had re- " turned, he would have met with better treatment " you see. Perseverance on his side, might have " been of service to them both; he might have " reclaimed the brightest *Beauty* in the East, and " have married her afterwards." " Now Ma- " dam, replied *Bellair* with a smile, I cannot see " any fault in the conduct of *Hamed*; he left " *Zulima* because he found her vain and capri- " cious, and chose, in her stead, a Woman eve- " ry way her superior. —— Not in Beauty, Sir, " interrupted Miss *Bloom* eagerly. —— No, Ma- " dam, said *Bellair*, not so dazling a *Beauty*, but " one infinitely more pleasing, more attracting, " and more capable of subduing and keeping a

" heart; and if *Zelis* had been far leſs lovely
" than the Eaſtern Moraliſt repreſents her, ſhe
" had qualities ſufficient to make her preferr'd
" to any *Beauty* whatever. If a Woman is good
" and agreeable, it matters not a pinch of ſnuff
" whether ſhe is beautiful." ——— O horrid,
cried all the Girls — " Was there ever ſo pre-
" poſterous an aſſertion, ſaid Miſs *Bloom*, I am
" ſure, continued ſhe (with her eyes fixed on a
Looking-glaſs which was luckily oppoſite to her)
" that beauty is a conſiderable advantage to ſome
" Women, who know how to make a proper
" uſe of it; and if *Zulima* had met with a
" right ſort of Man, ſhe might have made her
" Fortune." —— " I am entirely of your mind
" Miſs *Bloom*," ſaid the clever Girl already
mentioned, with an arch look, " a great deal
" depends upon a Woman's knowing how to
" make the moſt of herſelf; and I think it is
" very plain, that *Zulima* knew nothing of the
" matter. The Tale is prettily told, and if we
" Girls would but take warning, we might be
" the better for it: for we often fruſtrate the ve-
" ry end of our purſuits through mere giddineſs
" and inattention." There was ſomething in
this young Lady's manner, which gave me a
great deal of pleaſure; and though I had determi-
ned to ſit ſilent, and make obſervations, I could
not help thus accoſting her: —— " I am very
" much pleaſed with you Madam, ſaid I; I
" won't

"Madam, said *Bellair*, since you have so judiciously pointed out the Rocks on which so many of your Sex split, I hope you will in the next Place, tell them how to avoid them." "There is no occasion for me, replied she, to enlarge on this Subject. Mr. BAYLE has given us all a very good Lesson. Let us shun the failings of *Zulima*, and copy the virtues of *Zelis*; and then every Woman will, I doubt not, have a *Hamet* at her devotion." "I don't know, after all, said *Harriet*, whether *Zulima* was so much to blame in rejecting *Hamet*. A Woman is certainly not obliged to accept of the first Man who offers her his heart, before she knows whether that heart is worth her acceptance." "True, Madam, replied *Bellair*, but that was not the case here. We are informed that *Hamet* was a man uncommonly amiable, and encouraged to believe that *Zulima* liked him as well as she was capable of liking any thing: but she strove to increase the power she thought she had over his heart, and by playing with it too carelessly, lost it." "Indeed, said Miss *Jill*, if People form their conduct from such rules as these, they may well make most ridiculous figures in the world; these trifling stories are very well for children, though I think even they may be instructed much better; Girls especially can't be too early made sensible of their consequence,

"and

"and of the advantages they might certainly have "given the Men over them.——A notable in-"deed!——Yes upon my word, it is a very "good one for the Men, but they want no in-"ſtruction; they can make fools of us full e-"nough!——"Yes, indeed, ſaid Miſs *Bloom*, "ſtirring her fan, 'tis not an eaſy matter to make "them more knowing than they are."——"If," ſaid Miſs *Jill* again, any body could tell us "how to lower their pride, baffle the arts by "which they ſo often impoſe upon us, or ſub-"due their indifference, it might, perhaps be "worth while to liſten to ſuch ſtuff as this. I "can ſee neither moral nor meaning in it for "my part."—Why, Madam, ſaid *Belleby*, I can "tell you how to effect theſe three important "things, and by a very conciſe method too.—*Keep out of their way.*——"Pugh! cried ſhe with a toſs of her head, and rapping her fan violently upon her fingers, like Lady *Townly* when ſhe is lectured by her Huſband. "Perhaps not, "Sir, perhaps not: People who have been "once known, are not ſo eaſily forgotten." *Harriet*, who perceived that her fair Companion was greatly diſcompoſed, ſaid with a good humoured ſimper, "I don't underſtand you per-"fectly Mr. *Belleby*—tho it may be wrong to be "always making a ſhew of ourſelves, yet we muſt "ſometimes be ſeen, or elſe we can never be "admired you know."—"Very true, Madam, "ſaid

" said *Bellair*, and one view is altogether ſuffi-
" cient to make *ſome Ladies* deſirable ever after."
—Here all the Company apprehending that Mr. *Bellair* was going to be particular again, roſe up, and gathering round *Harriot*, began to talk about fifty inſignificant things, and after they had ſettled a few momentous points relating to Dreſs, propoſed a turn in the Park.—While *Harriot* was putting on her Hat and Mantle, moſt of her Companions *took her to pieces*.——
Lard, Miſs *Aimwell*, ſaid Miſs *Bloom*, " your
" Hat's like a Shuttlecock, it ſhews too much of
" your face."—— Yes, ſaid Miſs *Jilt*, it gives you rather too much aſſurance. *Modeſty* and *Humility*, Child, you know are your *ſhining Virtues*.
——Let me tie it on for you.—I know *Polly Ogle*'s Cock to a hair——*Billy Languiſh* ſwears by his *Eau-de-lude* bottle that I wear my hat ſmarter than any Woman in Town.—" Your
" Mantle is extremely genteel, Miſs *Aimwell*,
" ſaid Miſs *Scar*; to be ſure white is vaſtly ele-
" gant, but it won't ſuit all complexions."——
" Bleſs me Child, ſaid Miſs *Defame*, what do
" you do with that puny Patch? you look mock-
" ingly with it—ſtay—I'll give you one three
" times as large".—— *Harriot* rejected this offer with contempt.——Miſs *Defame* then turned to Miſs *Jilt*, and ſaid ſoftly, " the Girl ſmoaks
" us I believe, or elſe as you would have placed
" her Hat, and I her Patch, not a ſoul but
" would

" would have betted any sum that she was a
" Dancer." —— " Lord, what do you do
" with your Train tucked up, cried two or
" three more—well, it looks so trudging, just
" like a Market-woman. I love to have mine
" drawl a yard behind me. Lady *Betty Sweep*'s
" Train is not half so long as mine." —— The smart Girl, who stood during the delivery of these sarcastical speeches with looks of contempt on the envious utterers of them, took *Harriet* under the arm, and said, " Come, my dear Miss
" *Amwell*, let them say what they please, I will
" lay any wager, that you and I shall gain the
" most deserving Lovers; and when we have
" got them, Child, we will come to Mr. Bar-
" BER, to know how to keep them." —— The latter part of this Speech was particularly addressed to me, and concluded with a smiling Curtsy. —— I then found the Company were *all on the wing*, and therefore wished them a great deal of diversion, and returned to my own Apartment.

NUMB. XVII. *Saturday, July 3, 1756.*

Obscuris vera involvens.

Making Truth alluring by dressing her in the Robes of Fiction.

I Receive complaints from all quarters of this Metropolis touching the misbehaviour of Servants to their Masters and Mistresses. One of my Correspondents is extremely desirous of some emendation in this particular, and I confess not without reason, for according to her own account (which is drawn up with such an air of simplicity that I cannot doubt the truth of it) she has been grosly abused. — Without any farther Preamble, I shall lay before the Public her Letter.

Sir, *Grosvenor-Street.*

Your Writings convince me that you have the welfare of your Fellow-Creatures at heart. — I wish you would take notice of the ridiculous and pernicious Fashion almost universally prevailing with regard to the recommendation of Servants

—My

——My caſe is an unhappy one.——Pray be ſo good as to inſert this ſpeedily and warning [illegible] I have loſt the affections of my Huſband; I am hated by my children, neglected by my Friends, and deſpiſed by the World, becauſe I have repoſed too much confidence in a Woman who was preſſingly recommended to me by a very intimate Acquaintance, by whom I was never deceived in any other ſhape. But this Woman, Sir, is the artfulleſt, the moſt inſinuating and vileſt Creature that ever ſet her foot in a Houſe: and her true character is diametrically the reverſe of that which ſhe brought with her.—Pray animadvert on the ungenerous behaviour of Maſters and Miſtreſſes on ſo intereſting an Occaſion, and you will extremely oblige,

Your Admirer,

A. W.

The affecting circumſtances of this Lady's caſe evidently ſhew, that the cuſtom now ſo much in vogue of intruding Drunkards, Proſtitutes, and the moſt abandoned, unprincipled Wretches into the ſervice of ſober and reputable Families, is a very iniquitous one, and may be attended with the moſt fatal conſequences. Thoſe who recommend Servants with vitiated Minds frequently endeavour to apologize for their conduct, by ſaying,

ing, "'Tis very hard to deprive even wicked "Servants of their bread; if Masters refuse to "grant a recommendation, their servants may "be exasperated by poverty to spread malicious "reports about them, and to circulate family "secrets till they become the town talk." But how childish, how weak, how frivolous are these excuses?—If our servants report falsehoods, we have nothing to dread from their slanderous speeches, for we may easily confute them by the integrity of our Lives; and if we superintend our Thoughts, Words and Actions with vigilance and circumspection, we need not be afraid of the whispers of back-wounding calumny. Besides, no Person of common sense would entrust a Servant with the history of his failings, or exhibit himself in a ludicrous light to those who should always look up to him with the most submissive respect. We should regulate our conduct in the presence of our Domestics, with as much caution and reserve, as if we were viewed *at full length* by the eye of the World. The manners of Servants, I am inclined to believe, are generally copied from the manners of their Masters, for they judge by example more than by precept. The Master, therefore, should not only practise all the virtues becoming a Man within the Pale of his own Family, but endea-

your aid, as much as he can, to keep his Servant from herding with diſſolute Companions, in any other Place. He ſhould above all remember, that "a truly religious Servant can never be a bad one." If we are obliged to diſcharge a Servant for the commiſſion of any flagrant vices, let us not beſtow a favourable recommendation on him; nay, if we are ſatisfied that his mind is tainted with one principle which may render him unfit for the proper performance of his Duty, let us not ſend him with it unnoticed, into the ſervice of a Friend — or a Stranger. By giving a favourable account of bad Servants, we not only injure the deſerving ones, but the Perſons to whom we recommend them.

Poetical Records inform us that the Sorcereſs *Medea* animated partly by deſpair, and partly by revenge, diſpatched a cabinet of wild fire, as a friendly preſent, to her Rival *Creuſa*; and that when the unhappy Princeſs opened it, a fiery deluge burſt forth, in which ſhe herſelf and the whole palace was quickly conſumed. This ſtory, when ſtript of the diſguiſe in which Fancy and Fiction have obſcured it, means only, that Madam *Medea* being violently exaſperated at ſome affront put upon her by the Lady *Creuſa*, thought ſhe could not revenge it in a more proper man-

ner, than by sending her a graceless Waiting-Maid, who, like most intriguing Servants, soon after her arrival, began to disseminate Heart-burnings, Fermentations, Jealousies and Embroilments between her Mistress and the rest of the Family, and soon wrapt the whole Palace in one general combustion by the wild-fire of her Tongue.

The best method for putting a stop to the abominable practice abovementioned, is to give a fair, candid and true recommendation, and to reject the proffered service of those who apply to us without such a one. But as some Ladies and Gentlemen are so invincibly scrupulous, so inconsiderately charitable, that they would not for the World exclude poor Creatures from the means of subsistence, and think that a Fellow who justly merits a halter in their own Family, may repent and grow honest in another, I beg leave to advise all such squeamish People, when any Servant, though he has not demeaned himself well, has the *Effronterie* to claim a written testimonial of his good behaviour, to draw it up for him in the *French* figure, commonly called a *double entendre*, which, like the ancient Sybilline Oracles, may include two *opposite* meanings. I have met with a very ingenious one of this kind, addressed

by

by a Nobleman at *Paris* to the French Ambaſſador at *Rome*, in behalf of an [illegible] [illegible]. In imitation of this I have ſtruck out a Model for a Recommendation, which (*mutatis mutandis*) may be adapted to the Butler, the Houſe-keeper, the Valet or the Cook; and, in ſhort, to Vaſſals and Dependants of all Ranks and Denominations whatever. This Model I would adviſe all thoſe whom it may concern, to have in their eye, and make uſe of, when Servants, who are diſcharged for high Crimes and Miſdemeanors, preſume with a ſhameleſs confidence to petition a good *Character*.

To my Lady LACK[illegible].

MADAM,

The Bearer of this Letter Eliz. Fidget, has lived with me three Weeks, and during all this time I have had reaſon to think her the moſt diſ[illegible] Creature that ever entered into the ſervice of my Family. She is not more deſerving of eſteem for her behaviour in other reſpects, ſhe is diligent, careful, and obliging, and has a natural antipathy to whatever is commendable and ſeemly in the diſpoſition of a Servant. Such a woman is Fidget, in ſhort 'tis her only practices, Induſtry, and other real as equally cogent. I am forced to part with her. You will find her anſwer my deſcription I dare ſay in every particular.

to your Ladyſhip, by [illegible] ſeven Years, [illegible] in which ſhe [illegible] faithful to her Charge, [illegible] (for I am [illegible]) and I aſſure you [illegible] [illegible] not like many [illegible] above all ſuch [illegible] every thing that is [illegible] whatever [illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] neglect, [illegible] that with the [illegible] they depend upon the truth of this, and (if [illegible]) [illegible] to [illegible]

I am your Ladyſhip's, &c.

I received the following Letter ſome time ſince, the Date of which is dated from *Groſvenor-Street*, and hope it will be of ſome ſervice to thoſe for whoſe benefit I publiſh it.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq;

SIR, *Thavies-Street, June* 10.

I am a large Trader, and have a ſnug Eſtate beſides my buſineſs, with only one Child, a Son, whom I took into my Compting-houſe, as ſoon as Mr. KITPAX told me he was perfect in his Arithmetic, in order to have him under my own Eye, and to make him a Man of Buſineſs. I was at firſt in hopes he would be a Chip of the old Block, but he has lately contracted an acquaintance with a couple of priggiſh Puppies, *Jack Bluſter* and *Tom Titup*: and I believe they have turned his head: for, ſince he knew *them*, he has neglected his Accompts, and inſtead of minding Debtor and Creditor, Ledger and Caſh-book, talks of nothing but *Vaux-hall* and *Ranelagh*, *Aſſemblies* and *Reviews*; and ſtudies one HOYLE on Whiſt till he ſtares like a *Bedlamite*. In a Morning he is dreſſed juſt like a Hackney-Coachman and walks up and down the Compting-houſe, humming Ballads, and practiſing Dancing-ſteps till Dinner. Afterwards he ſets two

hours

Hour under the fingers of a French Valet, till he is transmogrified into a Very Devil, and comes down with his head four inches thick with Grease and grey Powder, and ſmells ſo much of Lavender Water, that my Dinner comes up to my throat. Then truly, he ſays he is *fit to be ſeen*; and after fixing himſelf in a Chair as gingerly as if he was a China Doll, is carried off for the Evening; and the next Morning the ſame Farce begins again. I have Wore at him, and Rag'd at him; nay reaſon'd with him but in vain:—he vows the Life of a Man of Buſineſs is mean: and tells me he muſt enjoy my money at my death, if I won't let him have it before. But I tell him there he may be out, for that I can leave it to whom I pleaſe, and aſſure him, that I will rather diſtribute it among Hoſpitals, than leave it to a Creature half Man, half Monkey—but my Words are Wind. He tells me he had rather be *annikilated* (one of his outlandiſh words I ſuppoſe) than not live like other young fellows: now theſe other young Fellows are *Titup* and *Bluſter*, (whoſe Fathers are Merchants, and would be glad to ſee them ſettle in buſineſs) but they are worſe than my *Harry*; for *Tom* keeps an *Italian* Singer, and *Jack* is always knocking down every Man who is ſoberer than himſelf, by which means he has lain in all the Roundhouſes in *London*, and he is

now

now in such a Pickle, that it is an even toss-up whether he will be ever able to scour the Streets again.

I wish you would give these headstrong Youths a little wholesome advice. Tell them they are not only a parcel of ridiculous Coxcombs, but will certainly come to the Gallows; for I suppose their last shift will be the Highway. I should be glad to know whether these raving Dogs, who are so fond of following the Fashions, would chuse to follow their Companions to the Devil, for to *his* Dominions they seem to be travelling, *Yeho-like*. This is the needful at present from

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. SEALAND.

NUM. XVIII. Saturday, July 10. 1736.

One who lives in populous City Scenes,
Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight.

THE Encomiums on a Country Life are innumerable. Poets and Warriors, Priests and Lawyers, Tradesmen and Physicians, have been extravagant Admirers of it, and loud in its Praise.

"The beauteous Scene of lofty Mountains,
"Smiling Vallies, murm'ring Fountains,
"Lambs in flowery Pastures bleating,
"Echo our last Words repeating,
"Bees with busy [illegible],
"Groves in gentle [illegible],
"Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars counting,
"Swains in rustic Circles sporting.

These have been preferred by all wise Men to the *Insidiæ Strepitusque Romæ*, the Smoke and Clamour of a City.

No

No People however taste the sweets of a Rural Jaunt with a higher *Gusto* than your Citizens; for to those who are obliged to spend the greatest part of their time in crowded Streets, full of dirt, noise, and confusion, a Village is a little Paradise.

As the Prisoner, when he sees through a small crevice in his Cell a beautiful Prospect, peeps at it with anxiety, and longs with many a sigh to behold it more at large, unfetter'd with the shackles of Slavery: So He who is closely confined within the City Walls by Business or Necessity, wishes ardently to have his hours regaled with [illegible] Air, and pants impatiently to hide himself in the shades of Tranquility from the ear-distracting din of rattling Carriages, and all the tumult of Town.

These Reflections were occasioned by an excursion I made lately to the *Villa* of an old Friend of mine, [illegible] *Bladder-street*. He seized me by the sleeve yesterday morning as I passed by his door, and pressed me with so much heartiness to spend a Day with him, *in a family way*, at his *Box*, that I could not resist his importunities. I set out with him

in

Dog-Days

Dog-Days, he generally occupies the northern Rooms, oppoſite to which, at the bottom of the Garden, ſtands a few Poplar Trees, which ſerve to obſtruct the view of a large Dunghill and a ſhabby Barn at ſome diſtance. Theſe Places he will not permit you to ſee from any part of his Territories, except a *Chineſe* Summer-Houſe, to which you aſcend by a pair of Stairs, not altogether unlike a Ladder. To this elegant Room we retired after a hearty repaſt on Fowls and Bacon, and found in it a diminutive ſquare Table, ſtored with Port Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, and right *Home-brewed*. *Will* ſtumbled upon Politics (after he had ſtunned my Ears, and thoſe of his Wife and Daughter, with it *at Dinner*, between every mouthful) and after having thoroughly convinced me that he had an unſettled head, by endeavouring to ſettle the affairs of the Nation with the aſſiſtance of two Bottles of Port, and half a dozen Pipes, fell into a Doze. I left him to ſnort by himſelf, and ſtole away to the Parlour, in which I found Mrs. *Barter* and Miſs at the Tea-Table, who told me they were juſt going to deſire my Company. After we had exchanged our ſentiments on the Weather, I launched out in praiſe of the Country in general, and of their Box in particular. "Yes indeed," ſaid Miſs *Barter*, (who ſeemed very deſirous of letting me

know

know that he was more acquainted with the [illegible] than her Papa and Mama) the Country is pleasant enough, when the Town is empty; but then it must be quite a rural Place in the Neighbourhood of some agreeable Families, and not a little paltry Village, where nobody is to be seen but from Saturday to Monday, and then only a Parcel of Prentice Boys in their Holiday Cloaths.—We have no Assemblies, no Balls, nor indeed any Men for Partners if we had them.—Dear Child, cried her Mother, you are always raving about Men; we have more than will come to our share, I believe. There is young Sattin the Mercer, who has just opened a Shop in Cheapside, and Billy Brass the Dry-salter's son in Friday-street.—His Father intends him for the Gown, if a Common Council Man, I assure you, Sir, he may come to be Lord Mayor in time.—And then there is Mr. [illegible] the Brother who has got a great Estate left him by a rich Uncle beyond Sea—what do you call there?—I don't know what you would have, not I.—'tis true they come down on a Saturday, and go up on a Monday; all but Mr. Brig, and he stays till Tuesday, and is none of your Prentice Boys, Miss, as you call them.—But indeed Betty you have a very impudent [illegible] way

—" way of talking of Folks. I would not have
" him hear you for the *Lapis*; it might spoil
" your fortune, Child." ——Law! Mamma,
" said Miss *Baxter*, I wonder how you can talk
" in this manner, and before Folks too, to spoil
" my fortune indeed! no, truly; I hope that
" is'nt in their power. My Papa has got a for-
" tune for me without them, and I shall take care
" to bestow it on something smarter, for all I
" am penned up like a Chicken in a Coop."—
" Land, *Betty*," said her Mother, " you are
" the most grumbling discontented Girl I ever
" saw. I am sure your Father and I have done
" all we can to make the House and Garden
" pleasant for you. Did he not build the *Chinese*
" Summer-house on purpose for you? and have
" I not let you lie in the best worked Bed, and
" bought for you a set of fine cut glass dressing
" Boxes? and yet you are never easy. I won-
" der what you would have."—Miss burst into
a sarcastical laugh to hear her Mother enumerate
the things which had been done to please her,
and cried, " Yes, my Papa has *built* a Summer-
" house, indeed, but nobody can *sit in it*, it
" stinks so of Beer and Tobacco, but himself
" and *Froth* from the *White Hart*, and *Scrape*
" the Barber, when the Mercer and Hosier are
" in Town—fine Companions for a Man in my

" Papa's

"Papa's circumstances I must needs say!" ——
"Well, Child," said Mrs. *Barter*, "your Father
"may surely keep what Company he pleases."
"—Yes, and live where he pleases, cried Miss,
"—'Tis true we are in the Country, that is,
"the House stands near a dusty Road, and has
"a few Trees behind it, but for any thing else
"we might as well be in *Shoreditch Moorfields*,
"*Hoxton*, or *Clerkenwell*—I would go to *Rich-*
—"*mond*, or *Windsor*, for the beginning of the
"Summer, and later in the year to *Tunbridge*,
"*Bath*, or *Scarborough*, where there is a polite
"Company to be met with in Assemblies and
"Breakfastings; though for this year I would be
"satisfied with going to *Canterbury*, to see the
"*Hanoverians*.—O that I could persuade my
"Papa—but I will never leave teazing him till
"he goes, I am resolved.—Pray Sir, continued
"she turning to me, have you seen them?—
"Lard, sure they must be a charming sight."
"No really Madam," said I, "I have not yet
"been so happy." "Well, I wonder at you,"
"replied she, "I am amazed that Men who
"are not confined like us poor Women, don't
"see every thing that is to be seen.—I am sure if
"I were a Man, I would: I love a sight as I
"love my Life."—— Here my Friend *Will*,
having finished his nap, came into the Parlour,

and

and cried—" Heyday, Heyday, — what—all got
" together—and pray what is that Madam *Prate-*
" *apace* that you are in ſuch a hurry to ſee?"—
" Every thing that is new," cried ſhe eagerly,
" but particularly the *Hanoverians*—do, let us
" go to *Canterbury*, Papa."—" For what," re-
plied her Father peevihly, " to gape at a parcel
" of louſy Foreigners who are come to take the
" bread out of our mouths—No, no Miſs—two
" words to that bargain.—And hark ye, under
" the Roſe, I wiſh they had never come over."
" —Well, well, my dear, ſaid Mrs. *Burter*,
who was afraid her Huſband was going to blab
ſome imprudencies, " let us not go to talking
" Politicks again, we had enough of that at
" Dinner — you know it always puts you into
" ſuch a heat."—" What, cried he, do you
" want to be jigging too as well as the Girl!
" The Devil's in the Woman I think,"—" No
" not I, my dear, ſaid ſhe, I am contented with
" our pretty ſpot; it is a charming place, and
" pure convenient for your buſineſs."—Why
" now Sir, continued ſhe, turning to me, you
" can't imagine what pleaſure I take in going to
" *Newgate* Market on a *Saturday* Morning, to
" buy meat to load our *Shay* with."—" Aye,
" aye, ſegs! cried *Will*, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders,
" and tipping the wink upon me, " you *do* load
" it,

"it, I must say *that* for you." — "The last "sirloin, indeed," said she, did make it smoke "again, to say the truth." — "No, no, Child, "replied he, the sirloin would never have hurt "it, but you crammed such a quantity of "Tea and Sugar into the *Seat*, that you had al-"most demolished the Brandy Bottle, and spoilt "my scarlet and gold waistcoat that lay hard "by." *Miss* smiled contemptuously at this domestic Prattle, which shocked her refined Ears; — a Post-Chariot, and a Chaise-marine for the baggage, would have been more suitable to the delicacy of *her* Taste. But such familiar subjects were artfully introduced by the prudent Mrs. *Barter*, otherwise my hot-headed Friend might have said something not fit to be repeated. When the Tea was over, I took up my Hat and Cane, left the Family of the *Barters* to adjust their squabbles and walked gently to Town.

NUMB. XIX. *Saturday, July 17, 1756.*

Felices terque quaterque—— HOR.

Superlatively happy.

ON *Monday* laſt I made a rural excurſion, which filled my heart with ſo many agreeable ſenſations, that I cannot refrain from communicating them. I went to ſpend the Day with my Friend *Worthy*, who has long reſided on his own Eſtate, about fifteen Miles from *London*, and arrived, in a Poſt-Chariot, at his Villa, between *Eleven* and *Twelve*. On my alighting at the Gate of my Friend's neat Stone Edifice, which ſtands on a ſmooth Green about an hundred Paces from the High Road, at the bottom of a wide avenue of tall Elms, the Servant conducted me into the Garden, through a winding Walk of Trees, which formed a Canopy with their Leaves thick enough to exclude the ſcorching Rays of the Sun, and only ſuffered their ſhadows to dance along the pebbled Walk, which the mildeſt breezes perpetually varied. The flaunting

ing Honeyſuckles twined round their knotty ſtems, while Pinks and Lillies, and the taller Roſes, bluſhing with unnumbered beauties peeped between, and ſcented the Air with unnumbered Sweets. At the end of this Walk, a pretty long one, there was an Arbour formed by a large ſpreading Oak, almoſt overgrown with Ivy, and covered below with Jeſſamin, and the ſame odoriferous flowering Shrubs, which ſo beautifully variegated the Walk. The inſide of this Arbour was lined with green paling, as a Fence againſt cold Damps. My Friend and his whole Family were ſeated in it, he with a Volume of *Rollin's Belles Lettres* in his hand, with which he was inſtructing them, while his Wife and Daughters created Flowers with their Needles, equal in every thing but fragrance to thoſe which bloomed around them, and his Son, a youth about thirteen, was employed in painting a Landſcape in Water-Colours. He roſe to receive me with that ſort of Politeneſs which diſtinguiſhes the ſincere Friend from the Man of Complaiſance, and preſented me to his Lady and Daughters, whom I complimented on the choice of their Employment, after having admired the Beauty of their Work. — "Indeed Mr. BABBLE," ſaid Mr. *Worthy*, "I "was afraid you would think we were rather "amuſing ourſelves in a trifling manner, than

" ſpending the time uſefully; but I can aſſure
" you we only take up theſe Chairs when we
" have finiſhed our Family-work, and have no-
" thing elſe to do; but my little *Fanny* here is
" really doing a laudable action, for ſhe is ma-
" king Caps for the Baby of a poor Neighbour
" who lies in, and is incapable of helping her-
" ſelf" I looked at and admired the performance of *Fanny*, who was not above eight years old, and and upon my telling her how good ſhe was — " Yes, indeed, ſaid her Mama, " *Fanny* knows
" ſhe was not born for herſelf alone, but to be
" ſerviceable to her Friends and Neighbours, and
" to ſupply the wants of others by the advantages
" ſhe has had the happineſs to receive from her
" Education." I gazed, with the higheſt ſatiſfaction, at the lovely Matron (for Mrs. *Worthy* is ſtill a fine Woman) who could thus employ, and at the ſame time inſtruct, her amiable Offſpring. I never beheld a more enchanting female Groupe. — Their Perſons, Attitudes and Habits, all conſpired to render them the moſt pleaſing Objects I ever ſaw.— They were dreſſed in pure white with green ſilk Hats— the two young Ladies had nothing under theirs but their fine Hair. My Friend and his Son were elegantly plain. The Countenance of the former ſhone with the approving ſmiles of a diſcreet yet indulgent Parent,

and

and on the Countenance of the latter, Love, Duty and Reſpect were agreeably blended. Health, Beauty and Innocence glowed in the Features of all, and I could not forbear ſurveying for ſome time, with a delightful mute aſtoniſhment, five Perſons ſo thoroughly amiable, and ſo thoroughly ſatisfied with each other.— Unconſcious that they had any particularities to attract ſo much admiration, they feared that my ſilence was occaſioned by the fatigue of my ſultry Journey. The eldeſt young Lady, who was about fourteen, in obedience to a ſign from her Mother, left the Arbour, but ſoon returned, followed by a Servant with Chocolate, and placed a diſh of Strawberries on a ſmall Table, which they heartily preſſed me to taſte, aſſuring me, they were that Morning growing within a few yards of me. I told my Friend I would chearfully accept of his obliging offer but deſired I might not interrupt his Reading.— No, no, my dear Friend, ſaid he with a ſmile, you did not come to hear me read — it is my cuſtom indeed to take up ſome inſtructive and entertaining Author for an hour or two in the Morning, while my Wife and Daughters are at their Needles, and I commonly chuſe both French and Engliſh, for the benefit of my young Family. I took up a *French* Author juſt now, in order to accuſtom my *Fanny*'s Ear to that Language,

while I encreaſed my Son's knowledge of the Sciences, and was juſt going to read the *Seaſons* of THOMSON, to give him hints for a Landſcape, and to furniſh my Wife and Daughters with ſubjects for their Needles. I told him I could not enough applaud the manner in which he parcelled out his Morning, and intreated him to let me point out one of my favourite Paſſages — I then looked for *Spring*, and repeated the following Lines —

——What is the World to them,
Its Pomp, its Pleaſure, and its Nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than Beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodneſs, Honour, Harmony and Love,
The richeſt Bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time a ſmiling Offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees
The human Bloſom grows; and every Day
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new Charm,
The Father's Luſtre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous Care.
Delightful Taſk! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to ſhoot,

To

To pour the freſh Inſtruction o'er the Mind,
To breath th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix
The generous Purpoſe in the glowing Breaſt.
O ſpeak the Joy! Ye whom a ſudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your Eye but ſights of Bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the Heart;
An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendſhip, Books,
Eaſe and alternate Labor, uſeful Life,
Progreſſive Virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs Joys of virtuous Love,
And thus their Moments fly.

On cloſing the Book, I obſerved with pleaſure the eyes of this happy Pair, which beamed on each other Love and admiration. They thanked me for my genteel compliment, as they termed it, and ſoon afterwards my Friend carried me to view the Beauties of his peaceful *Retreat*. Were I to deſcribe them all, I ſhould fill a Volume inſtead of a *Paper*, and ſhall therefore confine myſelf to a Mount in his Garden, the ſummit of which we gained by an eaſy ſerpentine approach, having both our Eyes and Noſtrils regaled, on the right and left, by a variety of the flowery Tribe. When we reached the top, and ſat down on a Bench which turned on a Pivot, I never beheld a more

joy-inſpiring Proſpect.— Hills and Dales ſweetly interchanged, the former covered with innumerable Trees, adorned with the moſt vivid Colors, the latter diverſified with Cows and Sheep, Hay-cocks, Corn-fields, and verdant Meadows, through which our juſtly-celebrated River meander'd, and heighten'd the richneſs of the View. Sometimes we ſaw loaded Barges, ſometimes glided Pleaſure Boats, and ſometimes ſtately Swans, whoſe ſnowy plumage became ſtill more conſpicuous by the Rays of the Sun, which darted on it and made its gloſſineſs more dazling. They ſeemed themſelves to be conſcious of the ſuperb Figure they made, and to flutter their Wings with exultation. I could not check my raptures at theſe pleaſing ſights, my whole Soul was charmed with the Beauties of Nature, and greatfully poured forth her Thanks to *Him* who ſcatters Bleſſings with equal Profuſion and Liberality on the throned Monarch, and on the cottaged Hind who whiſtles blyth before his well-filled Cart *at dewy Eve.* I then congratulated my Friend on the felicity he could not but enjoy with ſuch a Family in ſuch a ſituation. "I am indeed," ſaid he, "ſupreme-"ly bleſt in the poſſeſſion of the kindeſt, the beſt "of Wives, and the moſt deſerving Children, "whom I have not yet been able to part with"— How, interrupted I, does not your Son go to ſome

ſome Seminary of Learning? — "No my "Friend," replied he, "My Son has hitherto "only had *me* for his Maſter, and the aſſiſtance "now-and-then of our Rector, a valuable Man "reſpected by all who know him for his Piety "and Erudition. You ſeem to be ſurprized — "but I will give you a ſhort detail of our domeſtic "Employments: Employments known only by "a few, and by a few only reliſhed. — We all "riſe in Summer at Six, and, if the Weather "is favourable, aſſemble in the Bower in which "you found us. There we thank the Great "Giver of every thing for our preſent Preſervati- "on, and implore his farther Protection. I chuſe "this Spot becauſe it is airy, and conſequently "wholeſome, and becauſe every ſpreading Leaf, "every opening Bud, and every pointed Thorn, "gives evident proofs of his Omnipotence, and "warms us to Devotion. — The feather'd Song- "ſters too, join *their* gratulations to *ours*, and "ſwell the Chorus of Thankſgiving. When "this firſt act of duty has been performed, I re- "pair with my Son to my Cloſet, in which we "ſtudy for two hours, while my Wife and Daughters give the neceſſary Orders for the regu- "lation of the Family-Affairs: and then we "breakfaſt, either in the Bower, or in the back "Parlour, which ſerves us for a Chappel in bad

" Weather. Then we walk an hour, and after
" return to our Studies, or to ſome ſuch impro-
" ving amuſement as you found us buſied in,
" till *Two* — at *Two* we all ſeparate to prepare
" for Dinner which is always ready at *Three*.
" In the Afternoon, if we are alone, we com-
" monly have a Concert among ourſelves till
" the Sun permits us to admire the Trees and
" Meadows decorated by his departing Rays.
" After Sun-ſet we walk till Nine, in the long
" Days, and then take a light Supper, con-
" clude as we began with Adoration, and re-
" tire to Reſt. Thus calmly, thus ſerenely do
" our moments paſs — we are compleatly hap-
" py, becauſe always diſpoſed to pleaſe and to
" be pleaſed with each other. Mrs. *Worthy* and
" I receive a great deal of ſolid Delight by in-
" ſtructing and improving our Children. I have
" taught my Son *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Muſic*,
" and *Writing*; and my Daughters are almoſt
" Miſtreſſes of the three laſt, by the aſſiduity of
" their Mother. My Son has alſo a Genius
" for Drawing, which I encourage as much as
" I can, becauſe Drawing is I think a very a-
" greeable amuſement," — I believe every Syl-
lable you have utter'd, replied I, but cannot
imagine how you find time. — "I am always
" teaching my Children," ſaid he, " it is my
buſineſs —

" buſineſs — my pleaſure — As ſoon as they
" could articulate their own language, my Wife
" and I conſtantly ſpoke *French* to them, till they
" learnt it, and they have learnt every thing elſe
" in the ſame manner, without the pain of drudg-
" ery: nor have I kept them entirely from Com-
" panions, for I am thoroughly convinced, that
" *Knowledge of the World* ought to be ſupple-
" mental to *Book Knowledge*: but my acquain-
" tance are not numerous; I only ſelect a few
" who will mend, not corrupt the Manners of
" my Children. When my Viſiters are gone,
" I call my Girls, and my Boy, and make them
" ſingly, give me their opinions freely concerning
" their behaviour — and tell them when they
" cenſure or approve with too much precipitati-
" on. — You would ſmile to hear me read a
" Lecture on a Pebble, a bit of Moſs, a Graſ-
" hopper, or a Cockleſhell. — But I prate too
" much — my heart overflows — excuſe me, my
" honeſt Friend, and make allowances for theſe
" conjugal, theſe paternal Effuſions — I can
" never ſet bounds to my Loquacity when I talk
" about my Family — ſuch Felicity, as I enjoy,
" cannot be felt, cannot be talked of, without
" tranſport." — I ſhall not repeat the Anſwer I made, it will eaſily be gueſſed by the Reader of Senſibility. —— We then returned to the Houſe,

and in a cool Parlour, adorned with the beſt Maps and Prints, and ornamented with a large and valuable Library, we ſat down to a genteel Dinner, tho' entirely *Engliſh*, which was render'd an exquiſite repaſt, by the chearful Looks, and chearful Converſation of the Family. About Five o' Clock, my Friend conducted me, at my particular requeſt, into the Muſic Parlour, a Room ſo called becauſe there is an Organ and an Harpſichord in it. Mrs. *Worthy* touched the Keys of the firſt, Miſs *Worthy* entertained us with a melodious Voice, and my Friend and his Son accompanied them with their Violins. Their Muſic was from HANDEL.—After they had performed ſeveral Airs in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo*, I begg'd a few of my favourite ones in *Meſſiah*.— The Semichoruſſes in that inimitable Oratorio were joined by young *Worthy* and the little *Fanny*, who warbled like a roſe-lip'd Cherub. I was loſt in ecſtacy, and after a conſiderable time ſpent in this cœleſtial employment, Mrs. *Worthy* was ſent for to a ſick Neighbour, when ſhe left us; her Huſband ſaid ſhe was the darling and ſupport of the Poor.— As it grew late, I began to think of reviſiting my own Apartment. When I got into the Chariot, Miſs *Worthy* preſented me with a baſket of Fruit, and the pretty innocent *Fanny* put a Noſegay into my Hand, as blooming as herſelf.

herſelf. I departed with great reluctance, and as I jumbled into Town at *Hyde-Park* Corner, found every ſight, every ſmell, and every ſound diſguſtful, when compared with thoſe things I had juſt left behind; and as I jogged along, thought that my old Acquaintance, who had not been in Town for Thirty Years, was not much to be blamed for his Peeviſhneſs.

NUMB. XX. *Saturday, July 24, 1756.*

——— ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? ——— HOR.

May not Truth in laughing Guiſe be Dreſt?
FRANCIS.

LAST Night I took leave of Mr. *Aimwell*, who is going in a few days to his *Villa* in *Hampſhire*. *Harriot* was not at home, but called this morning, to pay me a farewell viſit, attended by Miſs *Giddy*, and Miſs *Bright*, the Girl who pleaſed me ſo much when I read the Hiſtory of *Zulima*. I was ſitting at my deſk with my huge

Common-

Common-Place, before me, when a violent rap at the ſtreet door rouſed me from my meditations: but before I could walk from my chair to the window, my Landlady came up ſimpering and informed me that three very fine young Ladies deſired to ſpeak with me. As ſoon as I had ordered her to admit ſuch creditable viſiters, they ruſhed into my room, and after dropping a few curt'ſies, and "your Servant," and "good mor-"row Mr. BABBLE, and ſo forth" took their places in three chairs, which I ranged in a row for them with all poſſible expedition. After they had been ſeated about a minute and a half, Miſs *Giddy* bounced up, flew to the Mantle-piece, which is always furniſhed with my Tobacco-box, a ſmall Wax-candle, an Urinal, and a little paper Lamp of my own twiſting, and ſcream'd out, "Lard Mr. BABBLE, what furniture for a "Chimney? Why you are quite an old Batch-"elor indeed; but pray is it neceſſity, or want "of taſte, that makes your Apartment ſo forlorn? "What have you no China, no old Tea-cups, "no little Dolls, no Bottles? for heaven's ſake have ſome of them: if you would employ *me* Mr. "BABBLE, to lay out your money for you, I "would ſend you home the ſweeteſt Collection "of Bulls, Bears, Monkies, Tygers and Pup-"pies you ever ſaw." — And pray Madam, ſaid "I,

" I, what would be the expence of purchasing
" such fashionable Ornaments? —" Oh! but a
" trifle, cried she, not above thirty guineas; for
" I suppose you wou'nt desire Images; they in-
" deed come pretty high: Lady *Bell Rouble*'s
" China cost fourscore pounds, but then it is
" vastly elegant, and there are several tall Fi-
" gures."— Miss *Bright* smiled at the very trifling expence Miss *Giddy* would put me to, and said, " I dont imagine the decorations you propose, " my dear, would give Mr. BABBLE the least " satisfaction: nor can I think they would be " suitable to the rest of the Furniture, which is " not all modern, though very proper for the " Apartment of a Man of Letters."— " Perhaps, " Child," cried Miss *Aimwell*, " you never were " in the Apartment of a Philosopher (for by that " title I am generally distinguished in the *Aim-* " *well* Family) before."— " No, indeed," replied Miss *Giddy*, " and therefore I have a vast cu- " riosity to see every thing in it. Pray, what are " these," continued she to me, seizing a couple of hand-screens. Flappers, Madam, said I, did you never read *Gulliver*'s Travels? —— " O! " never; no not I, said she, I abhor reading, " who is he? I can't bear reading, it always gives " me the head ach, or makes me go to sleep." " — These things, said I, are to prevent all

" kinds

" kinds of drowſineſs and ſtupidity; when I put " them into the hands of a ſkilful Perſon, he or " ſhe is to exerciſe them with diſcretion, accor- " ding to the nature of the diſorder, and the diſ- " poſition of the Patient." — Lard, ſaid ſhe laughing, well, this is vaſtly clever — I ſhould like of all things to flap ſome of my acquaintance; I know an infinite number who are the moſt ſtupid and idle drones in the world: there is Lord *Life-leſs*, Capt. *Drowſy*, *Billy Lounge*, and Sir *Simon Saunter*. — O! I can't tell you half of them — ſo pray do, dear Mr. BABBLE, lend me theſe odd things, and I will work them — I ſhall never want employment. — Lard, what ſtrange Pictures you have — who is this hideous old Fellow with an immenſe beard; it is as long again as *Lietard*'s. — Softly, Madam, ſaid I, let us talk of one thing at a time, if you pleaſe; I love method. —— Lard well that is ſo formal, and ſo like an old Man, cried ſhe, but I ſuppoſe you muſt have your own way — Come, what would you ſay now? Why I ſay Madam, that you have mentioned ſeveral of *my* Sex, whom you think want to be flapped, but not one of your own. Pray, are you acquainted with no indolent Women? — O yes, cried ſhe, a thouſand — Huſh, huſh, my dear *Giddy*, cried Miſs *Bright*, Mr. BABBLE is only laughing at us: but I have a few queſtions

to aſk him — Pray Sir, how comes it that you who can moralize ſo prettily, and not only tell us of our faults, but put us in a way to correct them, ſhould give us the ſlighteſt reaſon to be diſſatisfied, you who know our weakneſs, and know that we cannot reſiſt the charming opportunity of railing againſt our deareſt Friends. —— Ay, *Gardy*, ſaid Miſs *Aimwell*, that is not acting in character, indeed; beſides, every body will allow that there are more lazy Men than indolent Women. — Yes, that his great Chair can witneſs, cried Miſs *Bright*, which he had not once the politeneſs to offer to us.—Hold, hold, ſweet Creatures, cried I, two at a time can never be endured: ſpare me a moment, and I will tell you frankly that I did not offer it to either of you for fear of creating contentions, and of making the moſt intimate acquaintance Rivals. — Then you really thought, ſaid Miſs *Bright*, that we ſhould have accepted of it with pleaſure? but indeed you are miſtaken, Mr. BABBLE, we are not of ſo indolent a diſpoſition: Eaſe is the laſt thing a Woman of Spirit thinks of: our little Heads are too full of miſchief to think of lolling quietly in an Elbow Chair. Gadding, Chattering, Singing, Laughing, Dancing, Intriguing, and making fools of the Fellows, are the ſupreme delights of a Woman on this ſide forty. — A very pretty Catalogue of amuſe-

ments,

ments, Madam, cried I, but dear Miss *Bright*, let me give you a little advice. "Take care how "you proceed in your laſt mentioned delights! "Men are terrible Creatures when they are pro- "voked, and often diſappoint credulous Females, "when they think they are leading them by the "noſe. Many ſanguine Girls, have paid dear "for raſhneſs in Love-affairs."—Not thoſe who have had good cards, and have played them to advantage, ſaid ſhe: — do you think I dont underſtand *reverſing*, *forcing*, *fineſſing*, *ſeeſawing*, the *rubbers* and the *odd trick*? — Upon my word, Madam, ſaid I, you are a notable Gameſter, and indeed much more knowing than myſelf, ſo knowing that I long to be favoured with a few Inſtructions. — O fie, Mr. BABBLE, cried ſhe, I muſt not reveal the ſecrets of the Game to an Enemy: however, as you are very good humoured, and turned of ſixty, it don't much ſignify; ſo if we have time, I will explain the Myſteries of my Art. — Come, make haſte then, dear Child, ſaid *Harriet*, for I have twenty Shops to call at. —Aye, ſaid Miſs *Giddy*, and I am quite weary of ſitting here. — "Every Woman, ſaid Miſs "*Bright*, begins by *reverſing*, that is, oppoſing "gently the firſt *tendreſſe* of her Admirer, not "becauſe ſhe diſlikes him, but becauſe ſhe wants "to bring him on faſter: for your Sex are the

perverſeſt

" perverſeſt Creatures in Nature, and always play
" at croſs-purpoſes. *Forcing* is the next Rule, and
" is driving a Man, who, you ſee has an inclination
" for you, to diſcloſure it: there are ſeveral ways
" of doing this; the firſt and moſt ſucceſsful is,
" by flattering him, and telling him you ſhould
" like juſt ſuch qualities in a Lover which you
" know he is poſſeſs'd of: if he won't nibble at
" this bate, a Rival handſomely introduced, and
" broad hints given that you may have another
" Man, but your heart is already engaged, with
" a few proper looks, are never-failing Lures:
" but a Woman muſt be very ſure that a Man
" likes her before ſhe behaves in this manner to
" him, otherwiſe her *forcing* will ſpoil all. *See-*
" *ſawing* is never practiſed by ſkilful Players,
" but when they can depend upon their Man;
" and is in plain terms nothing but downright Co-
" quetting. To be one day in a good humour,
" the next grumpy, to be as variable as a Wea-
" thercock, to like and diſlike the ſame thing in
" five minutes, and to be of an hundred and fifty
" minds in half an hour; theſe are the artifices,
" to practiſe which a great deal of Judgment is
" requiſite, and few Women dare venture to *ſee-*
" *ſaw* in this age, for they are frequently by ſo
" doing taken in for the *Rubbers*, but ſeldom gain
" the odd trick, *Matrimony*. — *Fineſſing* is ſeldom

practiſed

" practiſed but by exceeding fine Women, and " your very knowing ones indeed, and is no more " than firſt drawing them on to make a declara- " tion, and then leaving them in the lurch. *Fuz-* " *zing*, though frequently practiſed at the Whiſt- " Table by the beſt bred people in the World, " is not ſo common in Love-Matters, except a- " mong Parſons', Juſtices', and Farmers' Daugh- " ters in the Country, who, not finding a plenti- " ful Crop of Admirers, gather midſummer roſes, " ſow Hemp ſeed, and eat dumb cake for luck." — I laughed heartily at my lively Viſiter's explanations of her terms, which I thought were delivered with much fancy and ſome juſtneſs, and I roſe from my great Chair, and thanked her in the beſt manner I was able. She ſmiled and ſaid, " Now don't be wicked and make diſcoveries " among the young Fellows of your acquaintance, " for poſitively I never would have told you ſo " much, only I thought you were too far advanced " in Life to make any advantages of theſe ſecrets " I have diſcloſed :" — but, my dear *Harriot*, 'tis time to leave the Philoſopher to his own Contemplations — here's *Giddy* almoſt dead with the Vapours — aye do, let's go to *Garr*'s, ſaid *Giddy*, I have tumbled over every Mercer's Luſtrings in Town this Seaſon but *his*, and I cannot go quietly into the Country till I have ſeen all. —— I then

waited

waited on them down Stairs; and though I was mightily pleaſed to have three ſuch Girls ſeen tripping out of the Houſe I lodge in, I could not help being ſomewhat anxious about *Harriot*, under the guidance of ſuch an experienced Inſtructreſs — what a game may ſhe not play? — but ſhe has no doubt been long acquainted with all theſe tricks, and is a knowing one already; — an ignorant young woman in this enlightned age is *rara avis in terris*. — Their chearful prattle, however, diverted me ſo agreeably, that I was in a very pleaſant mood the reſt of the day. People may ſay what they will, but there is a charm in a Woman's Company, that makes a Man, aye, even an old Man, quite another thing.

NUMB. XXI. *Saturday, July* 31, 1756.

Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome. DRYDEN.

THOUGH I am very ready to allow, that many of the preſent ridiculous modes of Dreſs were originally imported from our fantaſtic neighbours the *French*, I think the *French* alone are not to be cenſured for every extravagant Faſhion we run into.

The

The induſtrious, indefatigable *Britons*, have long been culling from the various Inhabitants of the Earth, a moiety of their Habits, and their Manners: As our Commerce ſupplies us at home with the Productions, and the Manufactures of every peopled corner of the Univerſe, it alſo affords us an opportunity to adopt for our own uſe, and naturalize whatever Dreſs the Genius or Climate of Foreigners may oblige them to appear in. Thus we are in ſome meaſure a Nation of Harlequins, and like *Æſop*'s Jack-daw, artfully pilfer from every Community a certain portion of their attire, which when altered and arranged according to our Taſte and Fancy, ſeems to be a motley compound of ſingularities. To ſave ourſelves the *ennui* of ſtudying that ſort of veſture which might be adapted with propriety to our own Atmoſphere, we ſuffer ourſelves to be entirely governed by the Freaks and Whims of other Folks. By this means, our Garb becomes a fooliſh epitome of the *Chineſe*, the *French*, the *Spaniſh*, the *Perſian*, the *Muſcovite*, and the *Italian*. As our modern fine Gentleman has a ſuit for every Month in the Year; the Ladies have alſo their change of Habiliments, not only for every Month in the Year, but for every Hour of the Day and Night. The ſame Woman at Noon and at Midnight differs as much from her-

ſelf

ſelf in outward appearance as Sunſhine from Moonlight: and though in her Morning *déshabille* ſhe looks not altogether unlike the Wife of a *Mandarin*, ſhe appears towards the approach of Evening, from head to foot, *tout contraire*.

The Stage has been conſidered by ſome as the Standard of nice taſte in Dreſs: it may, perhaps, with greater truth be deemed ſo a few Years hence! when Foreigners have carried their Invention through all the Mazes of wild Variety, we muſt then begin to look at home for a freſh ſupply of Faſhions; and it will, in all probability, be no uncommon ſight hereafter, to behold the Beaux Eſprits of Poſterity in the *Toga Prætexta*, or like the Roman Generals on our Theatre dignified with the full-bottom Wig, and the Buſkins, and the *Belles* in the Farthingal and the Ruff. This is by no means a prepoſterous thought, if we reflect on the ſtrange revolutions which happen in the Republic of Dreſs: and that the ſame Garment, like Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s Coat and Doublet, may be in and out a dozen times in the courſe of as many years. The good People of *England* err more, I apprehend, by a mis-application, or mis-uſe of the Thing they borrow, than by the meer Act of borrowing. The Fan, a native of *China*, when firſt introduced among our

Grand-

Grandmothers, was looked upon to be ſerviceable only as a Cooler or Ventilator, in the ſultry ſeaſon of the year. When the Plains were ſcorched with intolerable heat, and not a friendly breeze was on the wing to temper it, then, and then only, this Paper Machine was called in as a kind of artificial Zephyr to mitigate the fervor of the Skies, and reſtore the languid fainting Nymph to eaſe. But of late years how has this laudable purpoſe been perverted. In the midſt of *December*-ſnows, when the hardieſt Ruſtic ſhudders at the Blaſt of *Boreas*, the hoary Matron, and the delicate Virgin wave their Fans with as much impetuoſity, as if they were melting in the Dog-Days. In ſhort it is now dwindled into a Toy, a meer Plaything. During the Reign of my Predeceſſor the SPECTATOR, a regular Exerciſe was inſtituted for it. Several Movements have ſince been found out, by which particular paſſions are typically repreſented. Thus the genteel Flirt is expreſſive of Indifference or Contempt. The beating a Tattoo on one hand, holding the Fan at the ſame time like a Drumſtick in the other, denotes a violent Flutteration, and generally is the fore-runner of an open Rupture in the friendſhip of the Parties concerned. The dropping a Fan in the way of a pretty Fellow, is a courteous Invitation for him to take it

up.

up, and return it to the fair owner, with an extempore Panegyric in heroics; and if he has two grains of Common-ſenſe, this accident will admit him to a Viſit; that Viſit will introduce mutual Affection on both ſides, and then comes Matrimony or —— ſomething equally agreeable. The Muff likewiſe as worn at preſent in this Metropolis, is moſt egregiouſly abuſed. "A Muff," ſays a learned Lexicographer, "is a caſe of Fur "to put the Hands in, in cold Weather." This very probably is the uſe to which it has always been applied by the *aboriginal* Wearers of it in this Kingdom. But as we Moderns abhor a ſervile ſubmiſſion to the ancient Uſage, it is now like the Sword and Solitaire, a faſhionable appendage only to the Dreſs of a Gentleman, and of ſo little convenience to the Proprietor of it, that its enormous ſize perplexes and encumbers him *prodigiouſly*. Nay, I ſaw in the Side-box at *Drury-Lane* laſt Winter a certain Gentleman of Taſte, ſupporting with infinite difficulty a huge Bear-ſkin, rolled into the figure of a Muff, the aperture of which ſeemed to be more commodiouſly fitted for the reception of his whole Body, than thoſe delicate little fingers which painfully bore it up. And really I don't ſee the reaſon why *Petit Maitres* ſhould not ſometimes creep into it: their feeble Limbs would certainly be very much

cherished by it, and it would defend them on all sides from their irreconcileable enemy — a frosty air. I have often thought it would not only prove extremely beneficial to these effeminate Animals, but to all who have any connexion with them, to assemble towards the Exit of Autumn, and to decamp with the Swallows at a certain day into warmer Quarters and Climates, better suited to the construction of their Frame. They may, if they please, entitle themselves, *Beaux of Passage*. After they have performed a regular Tour through *Egypt*, *Prestor John*'s Country and *Jamaica*, the month of *May* will, perhaps, entice them to revisit their native Soil.

By transmigration in this manner they will reap various advantages; they will, in some degree, inure their debilitated Bodies to hardships and vicissitudes: they will improve their taste in Dress, and heighten their relish for Vice and Folly. Nor will they have it in their power, in that part of the Year when every true-born *Englishman* is absorbed in Spleen, to exasperate the Malady by their impertinent, intolerable Fopperies.

I might, in this manner, expatiate on every species of Dress, and discover, perhaps, the abuse of it in sundry shapes. I might proceed to the Hoop, than which no particle of the Female *Paraphernalia* has been more varied from its first design.

deſign. But theſe Matters I intend to diſcuſs at large in a future Paper, and ſhall therefore only amuſe my Readers at preſent with a Letter which I lately received from a Country Gentleman, becauſe it partly relates to the abovementioned important apendage to the Charms of a fine Lady.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq;

SIR,

I reſide on my paternal Eſtate, within the boundaries of which I ſhould have continued till my dying day, had not my Daughter *Nancy*'s approaching marriage, and the death of a neat Relation in Town hurried me away. I was commiſſioned by *Nancy* and our Parſon's Wife, to buy a parcel of Silks, and other materials againſt the nuptial Ball. The very day after my arrival in your great Metropolis, I had ſcarce quitted the Inn with my Pockets amply furniſhed for a Purchaſe, but I eſpied on the other ſide of the way what I conceived to be an itinerant Mercer's Shop borne along by two brawny Fellows, much like our Scotch Pedlars. This Vehicle had glaſs windows, and the inſide appeared to be filled with

one large Piece of Silk; for Sale I imagined. I took a fancy to the Pattern, and crolled over and asked a Man, who marched before, and whom I supposed the Master of the Shop, the very lowest Price of that silken Ware I saw in his Shop-Window, and told him if he would come down to any thing reasonable, I would take the whole piece. He stared me full in the face, and without any other reply than five or six oaths, struck me such a blow on the Crown of my Head, that I shall carry a Testimonial of it to my Grave. It was some time before I recovered my senses perfectly, and then found myself in an Apothecary's Shop. Mr. *Leech* very tenderly asked me, "how I did," assured me it was the most dangerous contusion that ever came under his Hands; that if I did not take particular care, the Fracture being situated between the *Os Frontis* and the *Os Occipitis*, might produce a violent *Hemorrhoid*, and mortally affect the *Cerebrum*; and, continued he, in pity to your misfortune, I will not demand any thing for my trouble and care during your *Paroxysm*, but only charge the moderate Sum of Five Pounds for the *Aurum potabile* draught I gave you, which, as I am ready to demonstrate before the College of Physicians, has preserved your Life. The Surprize which this Speech occasioned, made me almost relapse into a second Trance, and it was considerably increased, when on examining my Pockets, I found they

were

were quite empty. But what gave me the moſt uneaſineſs was, the loſs of a Silver Watch, the gift of my Grandmother, which had been in the Family threeſcore years and upwards, of which I was deprived I ſuppoſe by the ſame conveyance I railed vehemently at the Doctor for my own irreparable misfortune, and his exorbitant demands; but after much ſquabling on both ſides, he threaten'd me with a Conſtable, and fear then prevailed on me to compromiſe the affair with him for four Guineas, which I cauſed my Landlord at the Inn to pay for me. This Diſaſter made me return home with all poſſible expedition. I am now, thank God, ſafe in my Elbow Chair again, and in tolerable Health, excepting only a ſlight pain in my Head now and then; and though I cannot but regret the loſs of my Caſh, yet it is no ſmall conſolation to me, that I have not loſt my Life in the Bargain.

Our Parſon laughed heartily at my ſtory, and told me this Itinerant Shop, as I thought it, was a *Sedan*; and the large bundle of Silk it ſeemed to be furniſhed with, nothing but the apparel of ſome Lady, who, though inviſible to my Eyes, was ſeated in the Vehicle, intrenched between Mountains of Whalebone and Mercery Ware.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant, T. W.

NUMB. XXII. *Saturday, Auguſt* 7, 1756.

Riſum teneatis Amici?

HOR.

Who can refrain from Laughter?

NO People in the World are more divertingly ridiculous than thoſe who make themſelves ſo by an immoderate Propenſity to know what News is ſtirring from Morning to Night, and by neglecting their own private Affairs, in order to know how the Affairs of the Nation are conducted.

Sir *Politick Query*, Bart. is deſcended from one of the moſt noble, though not the moſt wealthy Families in *England*. His Father Sir *John* diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a Soldier in Queen ANNE's Wars with the greateſt intrepidity but notwithſtanding was obliged to ſell half his hereditary Eſtate to purchaſe a Regiment. He was beloved by the Soldiers, but hated by the Officers, who treated

treated him with ſo much unpoliteneſs and contempt, that he reſigned his Commiſſion in a pet, and retired into the Country, where the endearments of a tender Wife, ſerved every day to leſſen his fondneſs for martial atchievements, and made him determine to fix in the breaſt of his Son *Politick* an inſuperable averſion to the profeſſion of a Soldier. After he had uſed all the efforts he could think of to diſſuade him from thirſting after "the Pride, Pomp and Circum-"ſtance of glorious War," he reſolved to place him in a Merchant's Compting-houſe, and bound him Apprentice in the ſixteenth year of his age. 'Twas then this Youth diſcovered an inclination to ſignalize himſelf in political debates, and to become conſpicuous in a Coffee-houſe: — this inclination increaſed daily, and he was in a ſhort time a complete Newſmonger.

During his Apprenticeſhip, *Politick*, under pretence of going to ſee what Mails were arrived, ſtepp'd every Morning to the Coffee-houſe, and after having collected all the Papers he could find, took his ſeat in the moſt unfrequented part of the Room, and there peruſed with the higheſt glee, the Folio Sheets, till he had got them all by heart. Having loaded his head with this kind of Knowledge, he would

run about the Change, ſeize every Man he met by the Button, and cry, "what News, what News," — with all the wildneſs of a frantic Bedlamite. Then he would retire to his Maſter's Houſe, and deafen his Ears with the Intelligence he had picked up, generally adding a prolix ſupplement of his own compoſition. He was, in ſhort, ſo paſſionately fond of News that he has frequently quarrelled with his beſt Friends, becauſe they could not gratify his voracious appetite for Novelty.

When *Politick* had finiſhed his Apprenticeſhip, he one Day ſtood thunderſtruck, on reading a Paragraph which informed him of the Death of his Parents by the over-turning of a Poſt-Chaiſe, before he had time to reflect upon his loſs, he began to rave, not at the negligence of his Father's Friends and Servants, in not informing him of the Diſaſter, but at the Printer of the Paper, in not filling it up with matters of more conſequence, and *to the purpoſe*.

Sir *Politick* by Merchandiſe found means to accumulate ten thouſand pounds, but owed his ſucceſs rather to lucky hits, than his cloſe application to Buſineſs. for he choſe rather to prate about Politicks a whole day, than to write Letters:

ters: nay, he often forgot he was a Merchant, and had any to write. In this manner did Sir *Politick* live, perpetually infected with the political *Catarrhes*, and perpetually making himself unhappy. His Friends, hoping that retirement might entirely alter his diſpoſition, and render him more agreeably converſible, at length prevailed upon him to ſell off his Stock in Trade, and withdraw to his Seat:—but Retirement did not cure the Baronet of his favourite Vice. Three Men were employed Morning and Night to bring him the Papers, and a Poſt Chariot was always ready at his Gate to convey him to Town, whenever there was the leaſt probability of hearing ſome important Piece of Intelligence.—He not only ſettled a correſpondence *abroad*, but even in all the Sea-port Towns of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, in all which poſitive Orders were given to diſpatch a Meſſenger to him without delay, whenever any thing worth notice was ſtirring.

Thus Sir *Politick* ſpent his days: watching with as much vigilance for News as a Lover does for a Smile from a ſcornful Miſtreſs.—For theſe two years paſt he has pleaſed himſelf highly with the proſpect of a Rupture between *France* and *England*, and was ſo delighted with the Declaration of War that he gave an elegant entertainment

to all his Friends, Neighbours and Tenants at which it was proclaimed again in bowing Bowls and half-pint Bumpers, amidst the ear-stunning huzzas of the jovial Company. But the Dinner was unfortunately interrupted by the arrival of a Wag, who came post to *Gazette-Hall* with an Express, of his own dispatching, from the *Mediterranean*. Sir *Politick* without giving himself the trouble to enquire after particulars, called for his Boots, clapp'd on his Spurs, mounted his Horse, and galloped away to *London* as if the Devil drove him, leaving all the Company at his House to do as they thought proper. — He alighted at *Lloyd's*. from which, on being told there was *no* Express, he hasten'd to another Coffee house: from that to a third, and so on, till he found he had been *hummed*, and that the News he was so eager about wanted confirmation. He then rode back to his Friends, grumbling all the way, like an ugly old Maid, when she hears of the Marriage of a beautiful young one.

Some days ago a Friend of the Baronet's invited him to the Nuptials of an only Daughter about thirty miles from *London*. He accepted of the offer, and arrived at the place appointed half an hour after the new-married Couple were returned from Church. After having slightly saluted

ted the Company, kiſſed the Bride, and compli-mented the Bridegroom, he took the Clergyman aſide, and withdrew with him to a Corner of the Room, where they ſoon adjuſted the Affairs of *Europe*, as well as thoſe of *North America*, but not without frequent Contradictions, and a multitude of high Words, to the no ſmall diverſion of the Byſtanders.

When our Politicians had ſettled all national Affairs, they were ſummoned to Dinner. The converſation then turned on the Happineſs of the Marriage-ſtate, to the great mortification of *Politick*, who endeavour'd to turn it into his favouring Channel (for his Thoughts were employed on matters of more importance) by interrupting them now and then with, "Well, but don't you re-"ally think there will be a general War? — "We don't know indeed," replied his Auditors. — The converſation on that Subject drop'd with this reply, and Matrimony was again brought on the Carpet. The Baronet treſpaſſed ſeveral times on the good nature of the Company in the ſame ſtrain, till his patience was exhauſted. — He roſe in a violent paſſion, ſwore he had rather live with a parcel of Dumb Folks, than ſuch ſtupid Wretches, went out abruptly and took

Poſt for *London*; and upon hearing that Admiral *Byng* was arrived at *Portſmouth*, he made haſte to *Owen*'s, and ſtaid there till almoſt Midnight, in hopes of peruſing an extraordinary Gazette.

NUMB. XXIII. *Saturday, Auguſt* 14, 1756.

Percontatorem fugito.——

Hor.

Avoid a buſy Body.

LAST *Sunday* in the Afternoon I received a Card, which contained the following Words.

"Lady *Lovenews* ſends compliments to Mr. "*Babble*, and ſhould be glad of his Company, if "he is entirely diſengaged.

"*Sunday, Auguſt* 8, 1756.

The Thoughts of ſuch a *Tête à Tête* made my heart leap for joy. Where is the old Man who would not be elated to have ſo obliging a meſſage from a Lady of Faſhion? — I put on my ſpectacles with

with unusual spirit, and called for a Card as loudly as *Othello* does for the Handkerchief. My Landlady, who is a most creditable Woman (tho' she lives in *Covent Garden*) and knows I seldom play at Cards, and never on a *Sunday*, was quite thunder-struck at my demand, and could not, for several minutes, comprehend my meaning. — At last she came up simpering and curt'sying, and said, "*Lawk a daisy*, Sir I am vastly sorry it "happens so, but I vow I am quite out of Cards. "But *Sukey* is gone to see if she can rummage "out one." As I was in a violent hurry, I could not help shewing a few signs of impatience, which lasted near a quarter of an hour. A Card was then produced by *Sukey*, but it was covered with such a quantity of red worked, that I despaired of seeing it speedily released from its incumbrance. This difficulty, however, was, luckily, soon removed by the dexterity of my Landlady's eldest Daughter. But, alas! her labor was in vain: for Dirt and Grease had rendered it very unfit for my purpose. In the midst of these disappointments, I insensibly fell into a fit of musing on the wretched condition of Batchelors. Had I been a married Man, I should have had a Pack in an instant, stamped and decorated in the genteelest manner with my Wife's favourite *Device*.

What

What immenſe Benefits have the Beau-monde reaped from the Invention of Meſſage-Cards, which were wiſely calculated by the Inventor to prevent the commiſſion of miſtakes by blundering Footmen. By the aſſiſtance of theſe truſty Meſſengers, Viſits are received and paid with the utmoſt Punctuality and —— Eaſe; for a Lady can now-a-days receive four and twenty Viſits in an Afternoon, without being fatigued with the ſight of her Viſiters, and pay as many without ſtepping out of her *Chair*. — But to the Point — I was at laſt obliged to make uſe of a piece of Gilt Paper, on which I wrote the moſt obliging Anſwer I could frame; and after having twiſted my Note like the little Billets which I have ſeen diſpatched from the ivory fingers of Miſs *Ainwell*, ſent it away.

When I had finiſhed this important affair, I took off my beſt Coat, which I had worn at Church in the Morning, hung it on the back of my great Chair, and bruſhed off the duſt it had received in a walk to and from *Buckingham-Houſe*: in the mean while, the Maid examined my cheſt of drawers for a pair of Stockings of the ſame colour. I then tied up my Beaver, but on taking a ſurvey of my Perriwig, I found I had greatly diſcompoſed

diſcompoſed it by leaning my head againſt the Pew, to look at the Stranger who preached at our Church, and therefore deſired my Landlady to lend me her Powder-box. Juſt when I was ſpruced up, and going to ſend for a Chair, a Brother-Author, with whom I have the misfortune to be acquainted, very unſeaſonably enter'd my Apartment.

Mr. *Scribble* is an elderly, ſingle Man, remarkably ſhort, and makes himſelf look ſhorter by ſtooping. His Complexion is ſwarthy, and his Noſe long. His Eyes are black and ſmall, but ſo piercing, that he can diſcover his Prey the whole length of a ſtreet, and is at your Elbow in a moment, when you don't expect him. He is generally dreſſed in a full-trimmed ſuit of Black, a Sword not much longer than a Dagger, tucked up to his Hip, and a Tye-Wig, one of the Tails of which he conſtantly places before. He has a ſcanty Income, for he reſigned a profitable place under the Government ſome years ago, in order to live idle, or to uſe his own favourite expreſſion, *like a Gentleman*. He is a good Scholar, and a ſenſible Man, but ſo conceited, that he thinks he has more knowledge than any body he converſes with. He is one of thoſe Perſons whom HORACE ſatirizes in the half line which I have

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chosen for my Motto, and as leaky as a Sieve, for what he takes in at one House, he lets out in another. He is particularly fond of reading little pieces of Poetry or Prose, which he picks up among his Friends, or composes himself, and has a furious propensity to correct the Writings of the former, which he will do even to the adjustment of a Comma. — "Your Servant, your Ser-
"vant, said he, I did not expect to find you at
"home in so fine an Afternoon; but —— I am going out directly, said I to him; and then turning to the Maid, — "Pray Sweetheart, continued I, be so good as to call a Chair — "Stay, Child," interrupted he, "where are you going,
"Mr. BABBLE? you may as well order a Coach,
"and then you may set me down. I am going
"to spend the Evening with Lord *Nisslenaffle*,
"who, by the by, is a distant Relation of mine.
"I don't know whether I ever told you how;
"but you must know, his Mother's Father's
"Uncle was my Great Grandmother's third
"Cousin, so that —— Well Sir, said I, I can't
"stay to hear your Genealogy now; I am in
"haste. — Aye, so am I, replied he, for his Lord-
"ship is the most punctual Man in Christendom,
"and I must be with him at seven exactly. —
"But I will read you a Letter I received from
"his Lordship yesterday. —— Not now, not
"now,

" now, Mr. Scribble, I beseech you said I with
" some emotion —— O, 'tis a very short one,
" replied he, but there are so many fine Passages
" in it, that I am sure you will be charm'd with
" it. — But that's not my business with you, at
" present — I have wrote a PRATER, and hope
" you will publish it next *Saturday* — here it is
" — a serious Essay. — You must be serious some-
" times, otherwise you will be called a flimzy
" Writer. — Hem! — Hold Sir, said I, Hold,
" I am going out this minute, and must beg the
" favour of you to keep it till I am more at leisure.
" — Pray Child, continued I to the Maid,
" who stood staring at us, didn't I desire you to
" call a Chair? — Yes, Sir, replied she, but
" the Gentleman told me I must get a Coach.
" — I have nothing to do with the Gentleman,
" said I, fetch me a Chair instantly! — "What,
" you chuse a Chair? why that is mighty odd
" now, said he, when a Coach would carry us
" both, and be less expensive. — You don't know
" whither I am going, Mr. *Scribble*, said I —
" That's very true, said he, but come, sit down
" and I'll read my Paper this moment, 'till
" the Chair come. — I can't attend to it now,
" said I — besides I must go this moment, the
" Chair is brought, or I shall be too late. Well
" then, said he only give me your opinion of one

" Phrase

" Phraſe — *Happineſs is generally ſought after, but* " *ſeldom met with.* — That's a trite ſubject, ſaid " I coolly; — " O no, no, replied he, not as " I have handled it: — but do you think *met* " *with* is more elegant than *found*? — I ſpent " above an hour in ſettling this point, and I be- " lieve I ſhall adopt the latter word. — Seek and " find you know are ſo —— but you ſhall hear " it all, and then you will be a better Judge of " the propriety of the contraſt." —— He then began to read, but my vexation was ſo great, that I could not hear one word in ten. —I walked up and down the Room with a Mind diſturbed, while he tortured my Ears with his *Galimatias*, and deafen'd me, now and then, by raiſing his voice, in order to engage my attention. At laſt his Patience was exhauſted: he ſeized me by the arm, and cried out, nay, but you muſt *hear* me. This outrage made me quite frantic. I diſen- gaged myſelf from his gripe, and ran to the top of the ſtairs, where I met the Maid, who was coming to tell me ſhe could not get a Chair. Then call a Coach, ſaid I, almoſt mad at being ſo long detained. — *Scribble* could not ſuppreſs the ſatisfaction he felt on this occaſion. He put his Eſſay in his pocket with ſparkling Eyes, and ſaid, well, well, it will ſerve to amuſe us as we jog along. But here is an Ode to Light, written by

by *Tim Stanza*, a very ingenious young Man of my Acquaintance. He is youngeſt Son to Sir *Samuel Stanza* of *Finch-Hall* in *Cheſhire*. There are ſix Children, three Sons and three Daughters; all very ingenious. — I have corrected it in a few places — He is a young Man, and does not mind his ſtops; he writes *currente calamo*. He had put a Colon in one place inſtead of a Semicolon, and made *Light* an Adjective inſtead of a Subſtantive. — Here the Maid re-enter'd, and told me there was neither Coach nor Chair to be had. — I could not receive this Intelligence with compoſure. — Look'ee Mr. *Scribble*, ſaid I, you are the occaſion of all my uneaſineſs — I wiſh you and your Letter, and your Eſſay and your Ode, were at — Well, well, ſaid he, better luck another time — what ſignifies fretting? — ſince we can't have the pleaſure of riding together, we muſt be contented to walk. — You may walk, ſaid I, if you pleaſe but I am going to wait on a Lady of Faſhion, and can't think of appearing in a Viſiting Room with duſty Shoes. — O ho, cried he, a Lady? — what, you are not ſurely going to be married? — Married, replied I in a pet, what do you ſee in my Face to make you think I am grown a Fool in my old age? —— Nay how ſhould I know your affairs? — But who is this Lady? do I know her? where does ſhe live? you muſt introduce me to her.

her. — Prythee don't aſk ſo many impertinent queſtions, ſaid I, quite jaded with his Interrogatories, the Lady I am going to viſit does not chuſe to increaſe her Acquaintance. When I had uttered the laſt Word, I took my Hat, Gloves and Cane, and went down Stairs as faſt as my Legs would carry me. He followed me with the celerity of Lightning, and walked by my ſide all the way, ſticking cloſe to my ſleeves and ſtunning my Ears with an hundred inſignificant things, while I, fearing he would daub and rumple my Coat, endeavour'd to ſhake him off. He ſhouldered me with his whole weight, and hindered me from making the expedition I intended — but my endeavours were fruitleſs. I was forced to tell him plainly, that he made me too hot, by preſſing heavily on me. This Speech, which I delivered in a peremptory manner, had ſome effect on him, but I could not get rid of him till he ſaw at a diſtance, *Ned Paraphraſe*, an eminent Tranſlator. At the firſt Glimpſe of *Ned*'s Phiz, my Tormentor ſprung from me abruptly. I joyfully embraced the opportunity he gave me to eſcape from his Clutches. and ſneaked into the Alley, in order to ſecure my Retreat, but frequently looked behind me with as much anxiety as if I had been perſued by a Bailiff.

When I arrived at her Ladyſhip's *Hotel*, dirty and weary, dejected and out of humour, I received a Shock which affected me more than all

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the foregoing diſaſters.— Her Chariot was juſt driven from the Door. Inraged at this additional, this bitter diſappointment, and more than ever incenſed againſt *Scribble*, I returned to my Lodgings, threw myſelf into my great Chair, and remained in it an Hour by St. *Dunſtan's* Clock, before I could recover my uſual ſerenity of Mind. The prattle of my Landlady, and a palatable Meſs of Water-gruel, a food which ſhe knows I am fond of, put me at laſt into the beſt humour in the World. I ſaid a great many clever things, which may perhaps appear in a future *Number*.

NUMB. XXIV. *Saturday, Auguſt* 21, 1756.

By ſuch Examples we are taught to prove
The Miſchiefs that attend unlawful Love.

ROWE.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I Am at this Inſtant one of the unhappieſt Men in the World. Read my Story with Attention, and pity me. I deſerve your Compaſſion, becauſe I am a ſincere Penitent.

When

When I enter'd into the fourteenth year of my age, my Father died, and left me wholly to the management of my Mother, whoſe miſtaken fondneſs for me laid a foundation for the diſquietudes I now feel. She took me, Sir, immediately from a reputable and well-conducted School, at which my Father had placed me five years before his Death, and inſtead of encouraging me to proſecute thoſe ſtudies, in which I had made a conſiderable progreſs, only contrived how to humour and divert me. As I had not a very robuſt conſtitution, ſhe imagined that my eyes might be hurt by poring over Books, and that a cloſe application to them would throw me into a Conſumption. "Let thoſe ſtudy, ſaid ſhe, who want "to make their Fortunes: you have no occaſion "to trouble yourſelf about muſty Volumes." — By this means my Mind was uncultivated; but nothing was neglected that could give me the external accompliſhments of a Gentleman. Dancing-Maſters, Fencing-Maſters, and Muſic-Maſters continually attended me, and the Taylor, the Perriwig-maker and Milliner were very frequently conſulted about my Education. My whole employment was to pay viſits with my Mama, and to go with her to Plays, Operas, Maſquerades and Aſſemblies.

Near our Country-Seat lived a Gentleman, bleſt with an eaſy Fortune, and one Child, the beautiful

beautiful *Miranda*, who was deservedly the darling of his heart, for she poſſeſt every qualification that can render a Woman lovely. Her Mother died the Summer I was nineteen, and as our Family were juſt then come to —— *Hall*, they invited her to ſpend a few Months there, in order to mitigate her Grief, whilſt her Father was obliged to be in *London* about ſome affairs of conſequence. As there had been a long Intimacy between the two Families, Mr. —— left his Daughter with great ſatisfaction, and ſhe herſelf was well pleaſed to ſtay with us. I had met with her a year before this Invitation; and could not help thinking her exquiſitely charming. She was not quite Sixteen, but for Wit and Beauty, "beggar'd all Deſcription." Her ſable Dreſs, together with an unaffected Melancholy for the Loſs of a valuable Parent, ſerved only to heighten her charms, and to inſpire at once both Love and Pity. A Month, however, glided away, before I preſumed to ſpeak to her on the ſubject of Love, and even then I diſcloſed my Paſſion with great Heſitation. She was not leſs confuſed, but told me with bluſhing Cheeks and faultring Accents, that ſhe muſt not think of Love ſo ſoon. This favourable Anſwer tranſported me ſo much, that I took every opportunity to convince her of the ardor and ſincerity of my Paſſion. She liſtened to me eagerly, and ſoon gave me leave to aſk her Father's conſent at his Return. Till that could

be

be obtained, we agreed to keep Matters as private as poſſible. The old Gentleman's affairs detained him longer than he thought they would, and we went on in this way near four months, infinitely happy in each other's Company, till one *Sunday* in the Afternoon a Letter came to let her know, that her Father would be at his own Houſe on the *Thurſday* following, and that he expected to find her there. This Intelligence alarmed us, and made us contrive what courſe to ſteer on ſo critical an occaſion, for my Mother began to grow ſuſpicious, and we were afraid ſhe would, for ſome private reaſons, prevent the match.

During the warm Weather we had our Interviews in the Garden, after the Family were aſleep, almoſt every Night: But when the Evenings grew wet and cold, I gained her permiſſion to come ſoftly to her Chamber: a ſcheme that was very practicable, becauſe it was not far from my own, and becauſe nobody lay in it, but her own Servant, who was her Bedfellow, and entirely in my Intereſt. At one of theſe midnight meetings I received from her ſo many proofs of her affection and eſteem, that I beheld her with unuſual ecſtaſy, with rapture inexpreſſible. I ſeized the dear, innocent, ſweetly bluſhing Creature in my arms, and bore her ſtruggling to the Bed — ſhe thruſt me from her with a reſolute air, and, riſing in confuſion, aſked me what I meant. — I could not

make

[illegible] attempted to pull her down on the [illegible] by me. She ſtarted [illegible] [illegible] vigorous ſpring, and thus, with ſtreaming Eyes, accoſted me.— "For Heaven's "ſake, Sir, leave me this moment,—leave me to "myſelf, I conjure you—I am too well con-"vinced you do not love me: for if you did, you "would not ſeek my ruin—" I was ſtunned by this keen reproach; flung myſelf at her feet, and implored her in the humbleſt poſture, to forgive my preſumption, which was occaſioned by Exceſs of Love. I told her alſo, that a Union of Hearts made a Marriage, and not merely the outward Ceremony; and that ſhe was as fully mine in the ſight of her Creator, as if an Archbiſhop had performed the office. At the cloſe of this ſpeech, I kiſſed her hand, intreated her to kneel down by me, pulled out of my pocket a Common-Prayer Book, and read the Matrimonial Service. She repeated her Part after me, and we both ſwore in the moſt ſolemn manner to confirm our Vows before the World in a Month at fartheſt.— When this was done, I put out the Light, and partly by perſwaſion, partly by force, ſpent the remainder of the Night in her Embraces.

The Night following our Happineſs was repeated; and on the ſucceeding Morning I waited on her to her Father's Houſe, in order to prepare things for his Reception, and left her there. We

frequently schemed private meetings, however, at every one of which, she prest me to talk with her Father: but I told her so often, I had pri-vate reasons for delaying the performance of her requeſt, that she began to find the true cauſe was the abatement of my affection.

The Month limited for our public Marriage rolled away, unnoticed by me, for my Deſires had been gratified. *Monima* seemed less charm-ing every day I saw her, and in a short time I even thought her disagreeable. I visited her but seldom, and constantly made excuses about meet-ing her, when she sent to desire my Company. I could not bear the reproaches she loaded me with — they stabbed me to the Heart, because I felt the juſtneſs of them. When she found herself with Child, she sent the following Letter to me.

Dear, tho' perjured *Floria*,

The Crime I have committed is its own punish-ment, and muſt soon expoſe me to public shame, unleſs you will save me from it by the performance of your Vows. I find myself with Child, and now once more call upon you, in the Name of that Almighty Being, by whom you swore, to make me your lawful Wife. — I will not men-tion Love (for that you seem to have forgot, though you so often vowed your Paſſion should never decay) but if you have any regard for Truth, if you have any Honour, if you have any Hopes

of

Heaven or Tears or Hell, pity, O pity a Wretch you have yourself undone! Save me, O save me from the agonies of a distempered Mind. I expect an Answer by the Bearer, to direct Destiny of the

Unfortunate Matilda.

This Letter was brought to me by her Servant. I read it carelessly, put it into my Pocket, and told him that it required no Answer. The next News I heard the next Day was her Death. After the receipt of my cruel Message, she retired to her Chamber, wrote a long Letter to her Father, in which she related the fatal History of our Amours, and composed herself, with a dose of Laudanum, for an eternal Sleep.

I cannot describe the sensations I felt when I heard this News, with all these terrifying circumstances. I was chilled with Horror; my Guilt stared me in the Face. I flew immediately to her Father's, and would not be kept from her: I embraced the clay-cold Corps, bedewed it with my Tears, and called down from Heaven the most dreadful Vengeance on my accursed Head. I behaved, in short, so like a Man bereaved of his Senses, that her Father pitied me, and sent me home in his Coach with some of his Servants. [illegible] the curse of me! A Fever followed, which [illegible] me several months to my Bed, during

which the poor old Gentleman's grey Hairs were brought with sorrow to the Grave.

As for my own part, Life is thoroughly burdensome to me, yet I cannot bear the thoughts of Death. Reflection shakes me to the Soul. — O how shall I dare to meet the much abused *Hildamia*, her most unfortunate Father, and her unborn Infant, all murdered by *My* Hand, before the Tribunal of that omnipotent Judge, whom I invoked with the greatest Solemnity and Fervor as a Witness to my Protestations, and from whom I have no reason to expect a merciful Sentence. How dreadful is my Condition here, and what must be my Lot hereafter!

Eloisa.

NUMB. XXV. *Saturday, August 28, 1756.*

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,

No one is wise at all times.

SIR,

AS you seem to be a Redresser of Grievances, I shall take the Liberty to mention one, not from a disposition to complain, but from a desire

to

to prevent others from being so grossly imposed upon as I have been.

I have a very convenient House in *Hampshire*, with a large piece of ground behind it, laid out in a manner which those who have no notion of the Beauties of Nature would perhaps think trifling and absurd. I am extremely fond of the vegetable and flowery Tribe, and have therefore covered my Walls with Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots and Plumbs, not forgetting those Vines which produce the most high-flavoured Grapes. I have also planted a great many standard Cherries, Apples, Pears and *Gravo Gages*. My Kitchen Garden is well stored with every thing necessary for the Table, and my Borders bloom with an infinite variety of fragrant Flowers.—But a Melon is my supreme delight. I am, you must know Sir, a Connoisseur in Melons, and take care to have that delicious Fruit in perfection. I have several Melons in my Garden, which were never known in this part of the Country before. In short, the day on which I cut the first Melon in the Season is celebrated with particular festivity by my whole Family, and all the neighbouring Gentry are invited to see the ceremony performed. I had this Summer some very fine *Cantaloupes*, the daily yellowing of which I beheld with unusual satisfaction. I happened a few days ago to be on my return from a Friend's House about

fifteen Miles off, where I had ſpent a few Weeks. As the Weather was exceſſively hot, I ſtopped at an Inn within ſeven Miles of my own Houſe, and called for a Bottle of Cyder: but I found it ſo diſagreeable, that I was forced to deſire the Maſter to get me ſome fruit. — "Really Sir, replied he, I have none to offer to you, except you will go to the Price of a curious Melon, which I purchaſed yeſterday, and is I dare venture my Life, the beſt you ever taſted." I ſtarted at the word *Melon*, as none of my own were ripe, when I left home, and could I have thought it was poſſible for one to be found good out of my own Garden, ſhould have greedily ordered it. But I only anſwered with a ſhake of my head. My Landlord, however, went on to aſſure me, with a great deal of earneſtneſs, that he believed there never was a finer Melon in the World: that he had bought it at an extravagant price for ſome Gentlemen, who promiſed to dine at his Houſe, but had diſappointed him, and that he had it therefore on his hands: — "If you will "give me leave to ſhew it you, continued he, I "believe you will have a better opinion of it." In ſhort, he extolled it ſo much, that I grew deſirous to ſee what I concluded he had no judgment about, and ordered him to produce the Melon. When it appeared, I was amazed. It looked and ſmelt moſt invitingly: it was a true *Cantaloupe*, and in ſhort, ſo exactly like my own Melons, that I could

could not forgive it had been one of them. I asked my Landlord where he got it, offering A an inclination to have such another to carry home with me. — He assured me it was not in his power to gratify me, as the Gardener who served his House with Fruit told him it was not raised by himself, but sold to him by one *Isaac Dibble*. — You will easily imagine my astonishment when I tell you that *Dibble* is my Gardener. — I stifled my surprize as well as I could, and after having asked a few questions about this faithless Servant, paid the Landlord for my own Melon, and rode to my House after Dinner with a mind violently disturbed. I order'd *Isaac* to be called. The Servants told me that he had not been seen since morning. I then flew into the Garden, hoping at least to discover the spot where the theft had been committed. Just as I had enter'd the Melon-Ground, I stumbled on a sheet of Paper which this Rascal had dropped. This Paper has made a full discovery of his iniquitous proceedings, which are written in a Style and Manner so much superior to his Occupation that I am thoroughly convinced he must be a Jesuit in disguise. I send you with this Letter a Copy of Mr. *Isaac Dibble*'s proceedings, for the Benefit of those Gentlemen who keep Gardeners. When I catch *my* projecting Villain,

I will make him pay dear for the Roguries he has been guilty of.

Your obedient Servant,

C. D.

"Useful Improvements in the Art of Gardening are so interesting to almost every individual, that I need not urge any thing in praise of an Art, the pursuit of which (as will be particularized in the subsequent Treatise) is attended with *Profit*, *Health*, and *Pleasure*. — I shall not, like *Gadbury Rider*, and the rest of our modern Almanac-mongers, travel from Aries to Gemini, and so on through the whole series of celestial monsters, nor will I presume to assert at what Night, Hour or Minute, the Moon or Planets will shed their Influence on Cabbages, Potatoe-roots, and others of the vegetable Tribe, my whole design being to mention such things only as are more essential to the Well-being, Emolument and Instruction of the Gardener; to whom I would dictate thus.

"Soon as you are settled in any Family, be it your first Care to survey, with mathematical

"accuracy,

" accurate the whole superficies of the Garden,
" —When this is compleated, I shall
" proceed to enumerate your gains in this man-
" ner. — A convenient number of the young
" Espaliers on the southern Aspect must fall to
" my Wife's share, and will provide her decently
" with Hoops, Gowns and Snuff. — A tenth of
" the Lettuces, Sallad-Herbs, and Broccoli on the
" western Border will furnish both of us with Gin
" and Tobacco. — An inconsiderable tythe of
" those Artichokes, Savoys and Asparagus on
" the opposite side will keep us in Coffee
" and Tea. — The Boughs I shall prune off and
" the Trees I shall put to death by Inoculation,
" &c. will supply us with plenty of Fuel; and
" (lastly) a moderate portion of the Pine-Apples
" and other Exotics, when over-ripe, as they
" will, by due computation, clear the Expence
" of our Sunday's excursions. — When you have
" thus finished your Calculation, the next thing
" must be, to prevail on your Master's Wife,
" Grandmother, or Housekeeper, to stock his
" Garden well with medicinal Herbs. And this
" may be no difficult matter to effect, consider-
" ing how aptly disposed their Ladyships will be
" to take upon themselves the Cure of every Ail-
" ment in their Household. You will by means
" of this Scheme, be enabled to provide your
" Apothecary with an enormous quantity of Drugs

" and Simples, ſo as to balance Accounts with
" him at the year's end, and pocket a few pieces
" into the bargain. — Should your Maſter ex-
" claim with ſurprize, That the Vermin have
" devoured twice as many Cabbages and Colli-
" flowers as his whole Family can together, ſhy
" it your care to humour his Opinion, and ſwear
" with great vehemence, That PHARAOH of
" *Egypt* was never ſo peſtered with Caterpillers
" as his Honour. — In the ſame manner, let the
" *Birds* be ſuppoſed to have played booty with
" the Cherries. The *Ants* too may bear their
" quota of the blame, and the *blighting Eaſt-*
" *Wind* is to be called in as occaſion ſhall require.
" — Perſuade him by all means to embelliſh
" his Garden with Chineſe-Temples, Centry-
" Boxes, ſmoaking-Houſes, and other genteel
" Decorations. — This point once gained, the
" Architect, Painter and Carpenter will each be
" bound in honour to preſent you with a hand-
" ſome gratuity, eſpecially as they muſt be em-
" ployed of courſe in frequent Repairs, Rebuild-
" ings, and additional ornaments. "

In *this* Collection of Rules the Gardiner may view ſome *Branches* of his Vocation in a clearer Light. And many uſeful hints are thrown in his way, which if he pleaſes to follow, will infallibly guide him to the diſburſement of his Family Expences, to the providing them *Meat*, *Drink*, *Apparel*

tard and *Phyſic*; and finally, will enable him to ſide confinement in his own eaſy Chair on a *Sunday*. And thus, is the *Art* of *Gardening* ſhewn by ſelf-evident Demonſtration, to be productive of *Profit*, *Health* and *Pleaſure*.

NUMB. XXVI. *Saturday*, *September* 4, 1756.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Learn to be wiſe from others harm,
And you ſhall do full well.

Part of an old Ballad.

TO NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq*;

S I R,

I HAVE just taken poſſeſſion of an Eſtate of 800 *l. per Annum*, which is free from Incumbrances, and lies in a very healthy pleaſant County. I am five and twenty, but more diſpoſed to a ſedentary than an active Life, unlike the majority of my Sex at that age. I am not fond of running headlong into thoſe pleaſures, diverſions, and amuſements, which engage the affections, and engroſs the attention of three parts out of four of the young Fellows in the World. I have no

[illegible] for you of [illegible] which [illegible] Peace is my dear delight — Tranquility alone has charms for *Me*. I would not, however, have you think that I dote on the Life of a Hermit; for no body loves the converſation and ſociety of ſenſible and [illegible] People more than *myſelf*. To tell you the truth, Mr. BARILLA, without any further circumlocution, I want a female Companion, exactly of my own way of thinking in every reſpect. Such a one would make my happineſs compleat: for you muſt know, Sir, that I am entirely of BALZAC's opinion. "Que la ſolitude eſt une "mauvaiſe choſe; mais il y a plaiſir d'avoir "quelqu'un qui ſache repondre; a qui on puiſſe "dire de tems en tems, que la ſolitude eſt une "belle choſe." — And who ſo proper a Companion as an amiable, agreeable Woman, whom you prefer to all her Sex, and who prefers you to all *yours*? — But where is ſuch a valuable Female to be found? — ay, that is the queſtion. — I have already been recommended to half a ſcore, who are young, rich enough, not ugly, and eager to be married — but they won't do. And there are five times that number without any fortune at all, who are ready, to a Woman. Several of them, I am told, conceive great hopes of me. In ſhort, they are all ſo mad to be made Wives, and have diſcover'd ſo many ſhocking qualities, by endeavouring,

[illegible] What would you [illegible]

Miſs T. [illegible] only [illegible], when [illegible] had hopes of Sir *Francis*! Sure I was bewitched to take *Lucy Ely's* Advice; 'tis that which has undone me. 'Twas this artful Jilt, who perſuaded me to [illegible] *Belville* to a declaration, that ſhe might play her tricks with Sir *Francis*: But I will diſappoint her, I am reſolved, tho' I were certain to loſe them both.

Miſs O. Then you don't like *Belville*?

Miſs T. Like him, Child! Lard how you talk. Why this is not the queſtion.—Yes, I think him a pretty genteel, eaſy, ſenſible young Fellow, and believe he loves me ſincerely, but what is that to the purpoſe? He has no Title, and not above half Sir *Francis's* Income.—Now I'll put the caſe, and leave you to judge. Suppoſe I take *Belville*, with the proſpect of a Family, we can't afford to keep any more than one Footman, and a Poſt-Chariot; and muſt never think of going to *London*; except for a month or two, juſt in the height of the Seaſon, in a ready-furniſhed Lodging, in which I muſt be cooped up in a ſcanty apartment, with only one entertaining Room, juſt like a Mantua-Maker, or an Under-Actreſs; and muſt ſkulk back again in an hurry, pretending that my Huſband's affairs call him ſuddenly into the Country, and that I am ſuch a fond ſoul that I can't

can't live an hour without him; all to fave the expence of inviting our Friends to take their turn of us in Dinners, Suppers, and Parties at Cards; why, and if I should be so miserably unfortunate as to have any Brats, we can't come up at all: for then your poor *Bill* must live penned up in the Manſion-Houſe like a tame Pullet, dandling a great chopping Heir to the Eſtate, or training up a little Moppet of a Girl, who, as ſoon as ſhe was fifteen would ſet up for herſelf, become my Rival, and fly in my face. Whereas, if I marry Sir *Francis*, my dear, things will have quite another air. I ſhall have an elegant Houſe in *Groſvenor-Square*, and a ſet of Horſes to harry me down to *Gaway-Hill*, where I ſhould not think of going till there was not a creature left in Town, and then only for a Month or two, juſt to ſhew myſelf, and make the neighbouring Squires' and Juſtices' Wives ready to burſt with envy, raiſe a hubbub in the Congregation by coming into Church an hour after the poor Curate's Gravity waited to begin, then to make the Wretches ſtare till their Eye-ſtrings crack, without any cap upon my head, or elſe in one ſix times as big as the common ſize.—But the higheſt joy would be in Town, *Jenny*; to have a Chair to carry me about from Noon to Midnight, two fellows with [illegible] to run before me, two more to carry Meſſages half over the Town, together with Books, Bills, Plays,

Plays, Operas, and Maſquerades, till my little Head runs round. And now I pray, Child, which Husband are you for? —No, Woman, I am ſure, who has the leaſt notion of the World, would heſitate a moment.

Miſs O. Why certainly Sir *Francis* is the beſt Match, but I don't find you are likely to have him.

Miſs T. No, that is the reaſon why I am ſo much diſtreſſed; but it is all owing to that Devil *Lucy*.

Miſs O. Why, has Sir *Francis* ever made a ſerious offer?

Miſs T. No, Child — that is the cauſe of my uneaſineſs. —Had he made any kind of offer, I ſhould have catched at it directly. But the Fellows are all mad, I believe; for my part, I ſwear, I have ſome doubts, whether there will be any marrying at all in a little time.

Miſs O. Why indeed I am of your mind; but yet, *entre nous*, my dear *Bell*, I always thought your hopes of Sir *Francis* would come to nothing. I never could ſee any Love-like Behaviour in him, I muſt own.

Miſs T. No Child, I know you never ſee any thing which every body elſe ſees; but I have ſuch proofs of his regard for me, as will not admit of a doubt. — Didn't he dangle after me, every where? dance with me, ſing with me, laugh with me, and play the fool with me? Has he not car-

ried

[illegible] me to the Opera, gives me Tickets to Concerts, lets me his Horſes and his Chariot, writes Letters to me, and Verſes on me. — In ſhort, he has done every thing but what he ought to have done — that is, marry me.

Miſs O. Well, and becauſe he has not done that, I ſhall believe he never deſigned it.

Miſs T. Lard, *Jenny*, you are very ridiculous to night; I am ſure you can't tell what he deſigned. — Now I believe he *did* deſign it as much as I believe I am in this Garden, only that pragmatical *Belville* was always thruſting himſelf in the way. I was fool enough to encourage him, becauſe *Lucy* told me, that was the only method to bring Sir *Francis* forward; but inſtead of that, I know he thinks I like *Belville* beſt, becauſe I could not help now and then coquetting a little with the odious thing: but I ſhall deteſt him for ever, if I can't recall Sir *Francis*.

Miſs O. I thought you intended to marry him.

Miſs T. So I do, but not unleſs Sir *Francis* is entirely loſt. You don't imagine, I hope, that I ſhall let them both ſlip through my fingers.

Miſs O. Indeed my dear *Bell* they will, if you don't look ſharp. I am ſure I have been trying and trying theſe ſeven years, ever ſince I was out of my Robe-Coat, to fix a Man, but to no purpoſe; though my Eyes have been as much admired as other Peoples; and I look upon dexterity in the management of the Eyes to be every thing.

thing. I am sure I have egled many a Man till he has not known what to do with himself.

Miss T. Pshaw, nonsense — well, if I lose Sir *Francis*, I am sure I can have *Belville* at any time, and he is better than nobody.

I had Patience to hear no more, Mr. BABBLE, but immediately quitted my hiding place, with a resolution to disappoint my sanguine Nymph, and desire you will publish this Letter for the benefit of all young Fellows in my situation, and believe me to be

Your very humble Servant,

BELVILLE.

NUMB. XXVII. *Saturday, September* 11, 1756.

One Letter from the Heart *is worth a thousand from the* Head. ANON.

SINCE the Publication of my last Number, the following Letters came to my Hands, which are written with so much Spirit, that I will venture to make them public for the Benefit of my Readers. Here they are, without any farther Preface, Introduction or Apology.

To

To NICHOLAS BARBER, Esq;

Dear BARBER,

P——— Hall, Sept. 6, 1756.

I am ſtill at *P——— Hall* from whence I ſent my laſt Letter to you; and when I ſhall be able to prevail on myſelf to withdraw from ſo enchanting a Spot, I cannot at preſent inform you.

We have a very agreeable Party: Sir *William D———*, his Brother *Jack*, Mrs. *P———*, and Miſs *R———*. By the addition of theſe Gentlemen and Ladies to our own Family (as I now call it) every hour in the day is moſt delightfully filled up.

P——— is itſelf extremely inviting without all this good Company; but though I am an enthuſiaſtic Admirer of Woods and Lawns, Hills and Dales, Trees and Flowers, and can ſpend a day or two with an infinite deal of Satisfaction *en Solitaire*; I am of a ſociable diſpoſition, nevertheleſs, and have a mortal averſion to an Hermitage.

Don't think, however, that I chuſe to live in a Crowd, becauſe I tell you I love Society; or that I am never happy but when I am half ſtunned with being talked to, or half ſuffocated by the cordial Embraces of a numerous Acquaintance.—No, my Friend,—I abhor a Crowd and a Noiſe; and could, notwithſtanding my fondneſs for Society, contentedly paſs a whole day by

myſelf

myself, rather than ſpend the fourth part of an hour in *Weſtminſter Hall*.

I am not ſo fond of Company as to ſumparish the Drawing Room, or to herd among the Singers at a Great Mask. Nay, I have been often heartily ſick of a *Beauty's Route*. I have been conſiderably incommoded by the ſudden impetuous flirtation of a Hoop in a Side-Box, and the preſſure of a ſtiffen'd Brocade at a Ridotto, though the dear Wearer, or rather Supporter of it, had the face of a Cherubim.

You know I love Eaſe as I love my Life, and that the free, chearful chit-chat of a few picked Friends, is my dear delight.—I am at preſent ſituated entirely to my mind, and quite upon an agreeable footing; and to ſhew you that I am not ſurrounded by a parcel of empty Praters, I will tell you in what manner we employ ourſelves, and give you a ſmall ſketch of the Family I am with, and the Amuſements we follow.

I riſe early, if the Weather is tempting, and ſtroll into the Garden, in order to digeſt, before Breakfaſt, what I heard the preceding Night.—But I am ſeldom there long, without being joined by *Jack D*——— and by Mrs. *R*———, who ſays if ſhe lies a-bed after *ſeven*, at this time of the year, ſhe is always puniſhed by terrifying Viſions.

As *we three* are violently fond of the Beauties of Nature, we peep into every Buſh, Thicket and Plant, in ſearch of Animalculas; and when

we

we flatter upon any chance of uncommon Creature, we convey it immediately to Mr. H——'s Repository, where it is closely examined by the assistance of a Microscope.

In this manner we generally amuse ourselves so long, that the remainder of the Family flock about us to know what we are doing. Sir *William* never fails to rally us for having so minute a Taste, as he calls it, and Mrs. H—— frequently puts a stop to our Philosophical Enquiries, by telling us that the Breakfast has waited above an hour for us.

When we have finished our Morning-Repast, we retire to our favourite Occupations. Miss H—— trips with her Work-Basket to a little Bower in the Garden, canopied with Honeysuckles and Jessamines, whom Miss R—— accompanies with her Pencil, with which she designs Flowers. These Flowers her Companion copies with their Needles. Mr. D—— buries himself in the Library for a couple of Hours, and then emerges with a Sonnet, an Epigram, or an Enigma, for the Amusement of his Friends. Mrs. F—— entertains Sir *William* and *your humble*, with a Lesson on the Harpsichord, which she touches in a masterly manner. Sometimes we read a favourite Author to her and Mrs. H—— while they are *shaming* their Aprons and *puffing* their Caps.—Mr. H—— in the mean time, draws over

T

over his Grounds in his Cap and Slippers, followed by half a dozen black Spaniels.

At *Two* we all retire to our Dreſſing-Rooms, and at *Three* ſit down to Dinner. When Dinner is over, our Jollity begins: we talk, laugh, romp, play, ſing and dance, and finiſh not our Revels till the hour of Bed-time. Every body then parts in high Good-humour, and perfectly ſatisfied with the employment of the Day.

Sometimes, indeed, our Regularity is interrupted by Viſits to fine Villas, or Places worth taking a View of, within a Day's Journey, and ſometimes our ſociable Neighbours are kind enough to join with us in an Evening-Ball.

I never ſaw a Card in the Houſe. Cards are baniſhed from our Society, for we look on them with eyes of abhorrence, and call them the Spoilers of Converſation.

Sometimes between Dinner and Supper we pitch upon a Subject, and canvaſs it with the utmoſt Freedom and Good-humour; and we are very often ſo warmly engaged, that the hour of Bed-time ſlips by unperceived.

Mrs. *F*—— is an able Diſputant, and wrangles with as much fluency as if ſhe had been accuſtomed to harangue in the publick Schools at an Univerſity. She is indeed ſo dexterous a Logician, and enlivens her Debates with ſo many witty ſtrokes, that we often advance glaring abſurdities, in order to ſpirit her up to confute us.

Theſe

a Wall, who ſhewed her diſlike in a very ſerious manner, and was warmly defended by Miſs H——. The dimples in [illegible] pear'd, and the bluſhes which [illegible] her cheeks, while we admired the [illegible] of her pretty fingers, and particularly commended the formation of this little Deity's Limbs, created no ſmall diverſion among us. Sir *William* ſwore ſhe was a compleat Miſtreſs of Anatomy, and muſt have cloſely attended *Hunter's* Lectures. — *Jack D*—— immediately compoſed a Sonnet on the occaſion, which I can't ſend you, becauſe the furious fair one tore it into a thouſand pieces: there was indeed a little waggery in the concluſion of it, but it was penn'd with ſpirit — Sir *William* however ſaid, he could remember every line of it, and vows it ſhan't be loſt, and that if he ſhould happen to forget a word, Mrs. *F*—— could aſſiſt his memory. — This Lady only anſwered with a nod. — *D*—— ſaid, that he would, out of revenge, write a Treatiſe on the employment of idle hours, for the uſe of the Ladies, and particularly recommended drawing at an Academy from Nature and the ſtudy of Anatomy, and the Human Figure from the Life in all ſorts of attitudes. Sir *William* intreated her to give him a living Copy, while the good natured Mrs. *H*—— pitied the ingenious Girl's confuſion, and told her Daughter *Betſy* not to leave her Cliſet un-

lock'd

ditions

dition being agreed on, a Police was immediately signed.

But a worse affair than this happened some days afterwards. Mrs. F—— was caught in Mrs. H——'s Library, very intent upon a large, dusty Folio, which we fear will enable her to puzzle us all, by adding a great deal of strength to her natural talents for argumentation. In short, we expect to be drove out of the Pit. Jack D—— has tried, in vain, to convince her that Female Logicians are contemptible Creatures: and we have all assured her, that a Woman, formed like her, was never formed to sit poring over musty Volumes, but for better purposes. She only laughs at us, and boasts of her literary acquisitions. After all, 'tis the Devil to have a Woman wiser than one's self: and if one should happen to know as much as her, yet she has such a sweet, insinuating manner of discovering her knowledge, and contradicts you with such a bewitching air, that a Man must be as cold as Ice, and a downright Cynic, who can attempt to silence her.

I intended to scribble a great deal more, but am prevented by Sir *William*, who tells me the Ladies are going to walk, and want a Convoy. They seiz'd him, threw away his Book, and will have him to the next Village: but he says he dares not trust himself alone with three fine Women, and therefore insists on my being of the Party. To-morrow is destin'd for my return to Town. I

want

Numb. XXVIII. Saturday, September 15, 1759.

Vecienti occurrit Morbo.

A Stitch in time saves Nine.

EVERY living Man consists of two parts, a Soul and a Body, which like the Acid and Alkali of the Chymists, are continually raising intestine commotions among themselves, and struggling for superiority, till one or the other quite conquers yields itself to Slavery. But as the Soul is of an immortal, immaterial Nature, and nearly allied to the Fountain of all Perfection, it may and does (if its powers are duly exerted) get the better of its mortal and material Antagonist. The Mouth, the Nose, the Eyes, and all other sensitive Organs of our Body (which likewise keep in commerce with us, only less elegantly and ceremonially constructed) are by intoxicating Sympathy attracted by Tastes, Smells, Objects, &c. All these Organs, as they possess qualities, agreeable

in ſenſations immediately requiſite for the neceſſary conſerving and Repair of our earthly Tabernacles, are they but too apt (unleſs the Soul interpoſe and ties them down to a temperate allotment) to enjoy them all with ſo little caution, that the pleaſure of fruition is ſoon palled by ſatiety. All the various ills that Fleſh is heir to, together with the decay and diſſolution of the corporeal Frame, are the neceſſary, the certain conſequences reſulting from an injudicious purſuit of ſenſual gratifications.

A Man rarely plunges himſelf into theſe gratifications, rarely commences a Fornicator, a Glutton, or a Drunkard, all at once. — No; he receives frequent, though ineffectual remonſtrances from his Reaſon, and feels within his Breaſt conſcientious palpitations, till by living day after day, and year after year, like a Beaſt, he infects and ſenſualizes his very Soul, and neither eats, drinks, nor acts like a human Creature.

Of the many vicious extremes to which Mortality, frail mortality, is liable, there is ſcarce any one that ſteals upon us more imperceptibly, and is more flattering in its advances, or more fatal in its effects, than Drunkenneſs. Other Vices, though they are attended with many pernicious conſequences afford a few temporary ſatisfactions; but *this*, even its warmeſt Votaries muſt confeſs, has little or none of the latter. Inſtead of Chearfulneſs and ſocial Felicity, it is the Parent of madneſs; it

ſtrikes

strikes directly at the Root of Health, and makes the Throne of Reason totter from its Base. In short, it is not only a most sublime, irrational Vice in itself, but the acknowledged cause of many others.—I mean not to banish from the genial Repast, the heart-cheering liveliness of Festivity, which a few glasses promote; the Juice of the Grape, when administer'd from the Cup of Temperance, is an innocent, grateful and salutary Potion: 'Tis Excess only which adulterates it, and renders it a deadly Poison.

That my Readers may the better discern, with what more than magic Enchantment this Dæmon gains an Ascendant over us, by artful approaches and unperceived gradations, I shall beg leave to illustrate Precept by Example.

Shah *Solyman* left two Sons, *Mirza-Abbas* and *Hussein*, (whom he had by different Women) both capable of filling the *Persian* Throne in his stead. *Hussein* was his Father's Favourite, but had a less degree of personal Merit. He was tolerably handsome, but his Legs were hideously misshapen: he was moreover splay-footed, unambitious, addicted to Retirement, and had a Mind tinged with all the gloominess of Devotion. He had many Virtues becoming a good *Man*, but not those qualifications necessary to make a good Prince, much less a *great* one. *Mirza*, on the contrary, had all the qualities requisite to make an illustrious Monarch. Shah *Solyman*, when he

found himself at the point of Death, was so divided between his affection for the one, and the merit of the other, that he left it to the chief of his Eunuchs, who then held the greatest share in the Government, to chuse a Successor to the vacant Throne. The Election of a Successor being thus left to Persons, whose Interest it was to chuse him who was fittest, not *to govern*, but *to be governed*, *Mirza* was excluded, and *Hussein* placed upon the Throne, to which the intrigues of his Grandmother by the Mother's side (who had undertaken to make him obedient to the Eunuchs) greatly contributed to raise him.

Though *Hussein*'s gentle Temper, narrow Spirit, and almost natural Incapacity for business, were the qualities that recommended him to the choice of Eunuchs, yet they could not think themselves perfectly sure of him, unless they had plunged him into Debauchery. But the first Action of his Reign seemed to have broken all their measures. As he was poring over the *Coran* (the only Book he took delight in) he started at the passage in which the use of Wine was forbidden, and immediately prohibited the Drinking of it: and set the first Example himself, by causing all his Wine Vessels to be publickly staved to pieces. Every body was alarmed at the severity of an Edict which abolished a Custom that had long been universally practised, notwithstanding the Injunctions of the Founder of their Religion.

But

But the Eunuchs were alarmed at this unexpected Accident, well knowing that a temperate Monarch could not be always led by the nose. It was necessary to acquaint some of the Favorites, that the Turkish Children are always kept confined in the Harem, where they are only allowed to quench their thirst with Water or Sherbet. *Hussein*, having himself confined, had never drank any Wine. The Eunuchs imagining that if they could but bring him, by some stratagem, to taste that Liquor, he would not afterwards be so scrupulous about the use of it, contrived this Expedient. They easily won over his Grandmother to facilitate their Designs. She feigned herself sick, and when the King came to visit her, told him, that Wine was the only Remedy that could cure her, and begged with great earnestness, that if he had any regard for her, he would permit her to make it for the preservation of her Life. Frighted at the dangerous Illness of a Person to whom he owed his Crown, he immediately sent a Slave to procure some, which being found with great difficulty, the King carried it into a Room, and with his own hands presented it to his Grandmother. The crafty Dame refused it, insisting that she could not resolve to take a drop, unless the King first applied the Cup to his Lips: that was the prescription the Case required, and affect Persons, who, according to a Persian Maxim, were subject to no Laws.

Law, and could therefore commit no Crime.

"I am very sensible, added she artfully, that "nothing but Wine can repair the broken springs "of Life, but will rather submit to the stroke "of Death, than pollute my Lips with that Li-"quid, till you have encouraged me to taste it, "by first tasting it yourself." The good-natur'd Prince moved by her Words, and the perswasive manner with which she utter'd them, could not withold his consent, but emptied a large Cup, to shew the sincerity of his affection, which inspired him with a vivacity he never experienced before, and intoxicated him so much, that he became gradually from that moment, a complete Drunkard. By this means, the Eunuchs made his Majesty and the Empire, entirely subservient to them.

After having travelled to *Persia* for one instance of the ill consequences of Drunkenness, I shall return to my dear native Island for another. My late Friend *Jeremy Carbuncle*, Woollen-Draper, was, at that time we were Schoolfellows, so universally noted for his singular temperance, that till he departed for the University, in the one and twentieth year of his age, he never drank any Liquor but Water, pure Water. His Complexion was clear and sanguine, his Spirits free and lively, his Limbs active and robust. — But I had the mortification to perceive a visible alteration in my friend *Jerry*, when he came to settle in Town,

after

after having spent five years in [illegible] drinking-[illegible]ed. [illegible] was [illegible], that I could not perceive the least glimpse of his original figure. His countenance, indeed, was of a ruddy cast, somewhat inclinable to purple; but excessively blotched, and adorned with a multitude of frightful eruptions. I could not [illegible] into the cauſe of his uncouth appearance.—"I'll "tell you, my Friend, ſaid he, with a great "deal of frankneſs.— They are the Memoran"dums of my repeated booting-bouts at College. "—I lately made a general muſter of the Puſ"tules, and found them fifty-ſeven in number, "which tallied exactly with the account I kept "of thoſe ſame *Bouts.*" I adviſed him to endeavour to put the whole Body to flight, by calling in the aſſiſtance of his old Acquaintance Doctor *Simple Water*. He ſhook his head, and ſaid he was ſorry his Guilt ſtared him in the face, but told me, at the ſame time, that he could not entertain any thoughts of obeying my admonition, becauſe his Journey to *London* was in order to *force a Trade*; and becauſe a Tradeſman, he ſaid, could never drive a good Bargain without a Bottle at his Elbow. A few months after theſe reſolutions, I met him at a Coffee-houſe — he had then *eighty*, and I ſoon after heard with concern, that the gradual addition of twenty more, (which made them an even hundred) joined to the Doctor's preſcriptions for the removal of them, had metamorphoſed

[illegible] my Friend Jerry [illegible] and ghastly Corpse. I was [illegible] in his last Will and Testament, to write an Epitaph for his Tomb-stone; accordingly, with a little Hesitation, (for I am not accustomed to this Species of Composition) I sent the following unto the Sculptor.

To the Memory
OF
MR. JEREMIAH CARBUNCLE,
WOOLLEN-DRAPER,
WHO DIED
IN THE PRIME OF MANHOOD,
A MARTYR,
(Not to Religion, Virtue, or his Country,)
BUT
TO THE FIERY AND INFERNAL RAGE
OF
SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

NUMB. XXIX. *Saturday, September 25, 1756.*

Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
POPE.

THE variations which are perpetually making by Fashion in the Habiliments of the Fair Sex, almost persuade me, that *Solomon* spoke with

with too much precipitation when he said there was nothing new under the sun: but I suppose Solomon never saw the Monarch's days, either had no inclination or no opportunity to appear during the circulation of four and twenty hours, in as many different Dresses. By the Effects of all-powerful *Fashion*, the Decrees of Nature are reversed, and the Remonstrances of Reason are cancelled: and her fair Votaries may expose their Charms in what manner they please, without dreading the prudent reprehensions of *Decorum*.

Dress was originally intended for the Preservation of the Body, to shelter it from the inclemencies of the Weather; to render it agreeable as well as beneficial, was an after-thought, and in this improved, and hourly improving Age, both Sexes unanimously agree to think more of Ornament than Use in the Choice of their Apparel.

As I intend this Paper for the Emolument of my fair Readers, to them chiefly shall I address the following Observations.

Not a great while ago *long Spades* made their appearance, from whence soon afterwards *fortunes* sprung: these were succeeded by the *long Cardinal* with pigeon-holes, which was succeeded by the *lapelled one*, which was succeeded by the *tied-up one*; and the *Roman Mantle*, of the *Pompadour-Hue*, is now the Mantle most adored: but I ima-

gine it will be ſoon depoſed by the *Italian Fury*. A female Acquaintance of mine told me yeſterday; that the *Dutch Mantle* would next Spring be the darling of every fine Lady in Town——— The Gown, Cap, Ruffles, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. almoſt daily paſs through Tranſformations.

If you aſk the Cauſe of theſe Revolutions, and this Paſſion for Mutability in female Minds; the Anſwer is ſhort—an improper Education.

The modern fine Lady of Quality initiates her Daughter into all the Myſteries of the Toilet as ſoon as ſhe can make her comprehend them, inſtead of endeavouring to inſtruct her in all the valuable branches of domeſtic knowledge. And while ſhe teaches her, with indefatigable induſtry, how to ſet off her Perſon to the greateſt advantage, leaves her Mind totally uncultivated, or what is worſe, fills it only with Cards, Ribbons, Muffs, Tippets, and ſuch kind of Furniture, and ſuffers it to be over-run with the noxious Weeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self-Conceit. A Girl educated in this faſhionable Manner is a ridiculous Compoſition. Such a Girl is *Altimira*.

Altimira riſes about Noon, after having taken her Chocolate in bed, huddles on her Cloaths, and, if the Weather is tolerable, trips from Houſe to Houſe till ſhe has picked up all the gay Girls and ſmart young Fellows ſhe can meet with, and then flies with them from Shop to Shop, runs over a million of pretty things, gives a *vaſt* deal of

trouble,

chanting

guard

guard them againſt theſe Dangers [illegible] are moſt [illegible] the Female Sex; Vanity, [illegible] Parade, Coquetry, and [illegible]

The ſeeds of Vanity cannot be rooted out of the Mind too ſoon: A Woman who is [illegible] to have too high an opinion of her perſonal Qualifications, ſhould conſider that the [illegible] will fade and make a contemptible figure, when impaired by years, if contraſted with a [illegible] blooming one. She, therefore, who is only ſolicitous to make the Beauties of her Face permanent, cannot expect to be ſo long admired as the Woman who, conſcious of the Precariouſneſs of perſonal Charms, ſtudies to acquire a numerous train of intellectual accompliſhments.

Fondneſs of Parade, and an extenſive accuracy with regard to Dreſs, are generally accompanied with ſo much diſſipation, and decoy a Woman into ſo many foibles, that I think no Female, under their influence, can make a ſhining figure on the World's great Stage. The bad effects of theſe Paſſions are very numerous.—They make a Woman ſhamefully miſpend her leiſure hours, fill her breaſt with Envy and Jealouſy, put her thoughts continually into a Flutter, and by making her attentive to Trifles, hinder her from attending to Things of Importance.—Many Families have been thrown into the utmoſt Confuſion; and many reduced to the utmoſt Wretchedneſs by theſe pernicious, mind-infeſting Paſſions.

As

to Diverſions, every Mother ſhould think indulging her Daughters a Taſte of them, and carry her to all Public Places, which are frequented by the Beau Monde, who aſſociate for each other's Improvement or Amuſement. This Taſte ſhould be a little encouraged, becauſe, by a ſtrict Prohibition of theſe things, the appetite is whetted, but if moderately allowed, theſe Amuſements become leſs tempting.

One of the earlieſt Faculties which ought to be cultivated in female Children, is the Imagination; becauſe it is there the Ideas are impreſſed, by which their Taſte is formed, and by which their future conduct is in a great meaſure determined; the Ideas of Rectitude and Turpitude, Beauty and Deformity, Decency and Indecorum. She who is truly deſirous of ſeeing her Daughter appear in an amiable Light, will inform her betimes what is really winning and becoming, beautiful and attractive in perſonal decorations, and exterior ornaments. She will endeavour to convince her, that there is a *je ne ſçai quoi* in Dreſs far ſuperior to the richneſs of Cloathing, the glitter of Jewels, and the glare of Colours. She will tell her, that it lies rather in the adjuſtment of the materials, than in the magnificence of the materials themſelves. She will tell her alſo how abſurd it is to be anxious about the outward form, and at the ſame time diſregardful of that kind of Behaviour, which throws a Luſtre upon every other

[illegible] only with, but endeavour to be, directly opposite to them.

As I was taking my usual Walk towards Buckingham-House, I was accosted by my old Friend *Tom Pleasant*. *Tom* is a jolly Fellow, and loves good cheer, his supreme delight is to make an Entertainment, and invite all his Acquaintance to partake of it. — With this View he clapped me on the shoulder, and cried, "Ha, ha BABBLE, I am glad I have met with Thee. You must promise to dine with me to-day: I shall have the finest [illegible] you ever saw. — [illegible] my Friend, said I, pray what Dish is that — but you [illegible] have so many ways of disguising [illegible] *Tom's* [illegible] reply to this speech was a hearty laugh. After [illegible] he said; Well [illegible] People in the World [illegible] your [illegible] They are always [illegible] longer than other Men in comprehending your meaning. — But I ask your pardon, dear BABBLE; [illegible] (to speak [illegible]) but [illegible] Comedy. I have [illegible] you may [illegible] I have invited [illegible] *Bind*,

[illegible]

[illegible] ing

ing as if he had got the Belly-ach. His Face was as pale as *Aſhes*, his Hands as [illegible] as a [illegible], and his Legs like Catſticks. His Cloaths were every where ſilk, very neatly made, and his Hair was *[illegible]* powdered. *Tom* told him he was amazed he would make his Friends wait ſo long for him, adding, that he was ſure the Veniſon muſt be ſpoilt. "Why I vow, Mr. *Pleaſance*, ſaid *Dicky*, I am quite aſhamed of myſelf, but really I was ſo ill in the *Morning* that I was uncertain whether I ſhould be able to wait on you, and I am but this moment got off the Bed." — "What, have you been on the Bed, Sir, with that powder puff, ſaid *Riſe*, with his uſual roughneſs — O no, Sir replied *Dicky*, I forget: I vow I grow quite forgetful — No, no: my Head was dreſſed afterwards, that made me ſo late." — We then ſat down to Table: but *Dicky* complained of ſuch a Wind in his Neck from a Door into the next Room, that Mr. *Pleaſance* deſired *Riſe* to change Seats with him. Not I, by *Jupiter*, cried *Toby*, what do you take your Friend to have ſuch a paper ſkull, that it will be blown away by a breath of air? — This boiſterous Reply made poor *Dicky* fidget moſt ſorrowfully in his Chair. He took a cambrick handkerchief out of his Pocket, and tied it over his head. As ſoon as the Haunch appear'd, *Dicky* clapp'd a ſmelling bottle to his Noſtrils, *profeſſed* he was quite overcome with the ſight of ſuch a prodigious load of Fleſh, and

intreated

intreated my Friend to help him to a very thin little piece, as he did not know whether he could bring himself to take such strong meat. This then recommended plenty of currant sauce to him, but Tim had unfortunately poured all on his Plate out of the excess of his Good-nature, however he with a large spoon scraped some out of his own Plate into *Dicky's*, well incorporated with Fat, Gravy, French Beans and Butter. This piece of Indelicacy shocked *Dycky* excessively. He rose from the Table, ran to the Window, and after having reached a little, returned to his chair, vowing that he was as sick as Death, and could never endure the sight of any thing upon Table larger than a small Chicken. "Why, what the Devil, Sir, cried *Rice*, were you not invited to dine upon a Haunch of Venison, if you knew you were so plaguy squeamish, you should have stay'd away."—"O dear, cried *Dicky*, I could not have thought that any body would have brought up a whole Limb of any beastly Creature. I imagined it would be ragoued or fricassied, or at least that there would have been a dish of soup for the first Course with *vermicelli* and *petit patties*."—"I have nothing to do with your *Kickshaws*, said *Tim*, I thought a Haunch of Venison and French Beans, with a hot butter'd Apple-pye, was a very good Dinner."—"Aye, cried *Rice*, the best Dinner in the Universe, and he who offers to say no, shall eat half the Pye upon the point of my Table."

Poor

Poor *Dye-sly* shrunk at this Incorpse, and seeing to declare his aversion any further, only called for a clean plate: and desired me, as I remember, he said, like a decent kind of Man, to cut him a piece about as big as half a Crown, with which he piddled, while *Toby* cut Slice after Slice an Inch thick, swearing it was one of the fourth Batch he had baked this Season. When the Apple-pye was cut up, *Dicky*, being afraid of having his Fingers loaded with it, desired the Servant to help him to a clean Teaspoon, with which he was minding some affairs to eat, when *Tom* intreated us to taste this *Mundungo*, before we encountred the Pye.—A good motion by *Jupiter*, cry'd *Toby*: lead the way, my Boy, and I'll follow thee, if thou hast a mind to pay a visit to the Devil himself in his Brimstone Territories.— When the Glass came to *Dicky*, he sipp'd the Liquor, and made as sour a Face, as if he had been going to swallow a purgative potion.—*Toby* observed his Looks, and swore in a tremendous manner, that he would not let him flinch after Dinner.—I'll be Justice down to the Bumper, by *Jupiter*, said he.— The remainder of our Dinner went off pretty quietly, but when the Fruit appeared, *Dicky* could not be persuaded to crack any Filberts: saying, that he had broken a quarter of one of his Side-Teeth by trying to crack a Walnut; and that he never eated any kind of Nuts till his Maid had prepared them. This Excuse made

[illegible] Water, Sir! drink the King's health in Water, cried Toby, that Traitor by Jupiter — But you are ſome ſkulking half ſtarved Jacobite, or elſe you would not have propoſed ſuch an affront — But let me ſee you gulph it down directly, or I'll daſh you to the Devil. — The frighted Popinjay vowed,

that

that if he compelled he should not care to take another draught, because [illegible] —Why, then, [illegible] well die by [illegible] I will [illegible] to escape the point of mirth who refuses to drink the King's health as he ought to do. — *Dicky* then applied the Glass to his Lips, sipped a little, and set it down; while *Tom* hung over him with his drawn Sword, and *Tom* rolled from side to side convulsed with Laughter. — With many heaves and wry faces, *Dicky* at last got to the bottom, and as soon as he had recovered himself from the *immense fatigue*, begg'd *Mr. Pleasant* to send for a Chair, declaring he never drank any thing with his Meals, but Milk, Water, or lukewarm weak Green Tea. — This Declaration increased *Tom*'s Convulsions, and *Ned*'s Choler, who told him, with a volley of Oaths, that he was the most obstinate Milk-sop he ever met with; that kicking was too good a punishment for him, and that he deserved to be toss'd in a Blanket. — As *Ned* squinted at me, when he concluded his Speech, I followed *Mr. Dudley* down stairs, not chusing, for the sake of being thought a devilish clever fellow, to be converted into a Corpse.

NUMB. XXXI. *Saturday, October 9, 1756.*

Ride si sapis.

Laugh if you are wise.

SPECTACLES, I humbly conceive, were originally intended by the sagacious Inventor of them, to aid and assist those Eyes which might be weakened and rendered useless by Sickness or by Age, by Nature, or by unexpected Misfortunes. To these restrictions they were for many Years confined, but as the veteran Spectacles were found, in process of time, to be inconsistent with the softer texture of modern Noses, a sort of demi-spectacle or single Perspective was invented, which has not the least communication with that important Feature, and is made use of indiscriminately by those whose Eyes stand in need of optical auxiliaries, and those who can enjoy the pleasures of Sight without them.—If the Mother of young *Lippus* could be permitted to revisit this World, and see her darling Boy ogling at the Opera-House, and other public Places, and seemingly very attentive to every object within the ken of his Glass, would she not be ready to exclaim in this manner? "Alass, my Son, what

dreadful calamity has deprived Thee of perfect Sight? little would she imagine, poor Woman, that his Eyes are still possest of the same acuteness as ever, and that on this very account the Glass which he uses, instead of exhibiting the Object gazed at more distinctly to his View, really obstructs his Sight, and renders every thing towards which it is directed absolutely imperceptible. It gives him, however, an opportunity to display the Sparkler on his Finger, and to wriggle his Body into a thousand enchanting Attitudes, whilst he reconnoitres the Company. I doubt not but my very polite Readers have frequently noticed this fluttering purblind Youth in different Parts of the Town. At the Play-House he generally takes his Stand upon the Stage, or in the Side-Boxes. Sometimes, indeed, I have recognized his pretty Phiz in that vulgar Place the Two-shilling Gallery, but then he was incog; and consequently neither shewed his Brilliant, nor his Perspective.

Dick Secondsight (a young Templar of my Acquaintance) has a pair of such excellent Eyes, that he is able to read the smallest Print without the assistance of any optical Instrument; nay he can even decypher the almost-indecypherable *Opinions* of Counsellor ———, at a considerable Distance. I have catched him sometimes hard at his studies by Moon-light, when he has been at a loss to procure a Candle.—Yet, follow this quick-

sighted

ſhrivell'd Gentleman to *George's*, and you will be aſtoniſhed; for as ſoon as he takes up a *Paper* his Sight fails him: his demi-ſpectacles immediately unſheathed and elevated, by the help of which, my Friend *Richard* is juſt able, after a great deal of poring and attention, to take in all the parts of a political Paragraph.

It is the ſupreme Pride of the *Spaniards* (to whom I believe we are primarily indebted for this uſeful Implement) to have received from their prudent Anceſtors a certain form and method in their Habit, and every thing elſe, which is perfectly accommodated to their Climate and their Humour. As the Mode of Dreſs, therefore, has continued invariably the ſame in that Country, I ſhall take the liberty to inſert an Account of Spectacle Wearing, as it prevailed among its Inhabitants in the Year 1722.

"The firſt time I waited on the Princeſs of "*Monteleon*, (ſays my Hiſtorian) I was ſurprized "to ſee ſo many young Ladies with great Spectacles on their Noſes: but what appeared moſt "unaccountable was, that they *made no uſe of* "*them where they were really neceſſary*. They "only converſed together, while they had them "on. I was confounded at the ſight, and imparted my ſentiments to the Marchioneſs *de la* "*Roſe*. She ſmiled at my Embarraſment, and "told me that the Intention of wearing them "was to give an Air of Gravity to the Counte-

" nance, and to attract, by this means, vene-
" ration and respect. Do you see that Lad?
" says the Marchioness; I don't believe she ever
" left them off, except at Bed-time, since she
" was ten Years old. In short, the Men and
" Women eat with their Spectacles on, and even
" in their Assemblies, and the Streets are seldom
" without them. Nay, I have heard, there are
" different Spectacles, according to the different
" Qualities and Degrees of People! — As a Man's
" Income increases, he enlarges the size of his
" Spectacles, and defines them to a station high-
" er up his Nose. Those worn by the Gran-
" dees, being of an unusual breadth, are called
" *Oculos* for distinction. Some years ago, they
" had their Glasses from *Venice*, but three Per-
" sons having undertaken to make the King of
" *Spain* Master of that City, by firing the Arse-
" nal with Burning Glasses, the *Venetians*, by
" way of Revenge, caused a vast number of
" these *Oculos* to be made, and dispatched them
" to their Ambassador at *Madrid*. He presented
" them to the Court, and every Person who made
" use of them endangered his Eye-sight, for they
" were formed with exquisite Art, and set in
" frames of combustible matter, which with a
" single Ray of the Sun would put all in a Flame.
" It happened on a grand Council-day, that in
" the Chamber wherein the Members were all
" seated in solemn Order, one of the Windows
" was

" was left open, and the Sun darting almoſt in " a vertical Line, on their Spectacles, they ſud- " denly perceived a dangerous fire contrived a- " gainſt their Eye-brows. This *Phænomenon* put " the old Gentlemen into a terrible Conſterna- " tion. The whole Synod capered about in a " great deal of confuſion, and thus ended the " weighty buſineſs of that Day."

But to return. I have heard that the majority of my Countrymen affect to be purblind for the ſame reaſon that *Alexander's* Courtiers held their Necks awry; — but if a compliment is in reality the reaſon, our Poſterity may by the ſame Rule chop off a Leg or an Arm, or demoliſh a Noſe, if their Prince ſhould be unfortunately deprived of one of them.—Jeſting apart, however, I am well aſſured that our R——l Family are not in the leaſt pleaſed with ſo ridiculous a piece of Complaiſance, and would be very much inclined to put a ſtop to the ſpreading contagion, if it did not ſo happily contribute to the encouragement of the Glaſs-Manufacture. I am a ſtrenuous well-wiſher to all uſeful Manufactures, particularly the above-mentioned one, but this is ſo ludicrous a Faſhion, that I cannot check the deſire I have to ſet it in a ludicrous light. I do therefore ordain, by virtue of theſe Preſents, that, if any Girl or Woman, under the Age of twenty-five, and any Stripling under the Age of forty Years, do preſume to wear *Spectacles* or *Demi-Spectacles*,

after the Feaſt of St. *Michael* the Archangel, vulgarly called *Michaelmas-Day*, next enſuing (unleſs He, She, or They can ſhew juſt and reaſonable cauſe to the contrary) He, She, or They ſo offending, ſhall be ſtigmatized with the odious Title of Old Women, and conſidered as a diſtinct Species from ſuch poor Wretches who are by Age or Infirmities unavoidably neceſſitated to have recourſe to them. And be it further enacted by the Authority aforeſaid, that ſuch Offender or Offenders be looked upon by every body with the ſame Contempt, Deriſion, and Abhorrence, that Old Women are generally treated with.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq.

In medio tutiſſimis ibis. OVID.

The middle way is ſafeſt.

SIR,

YOU promiſed to publiſh a few animadverſions on that important Part of a fine Lady's Paraphernalia, commonly called the Hoop; but I muſt beg the favour of you to inſert the following Eſſay on the ſame Subject.

The

The ſtrange abuſe of that Machine called a Hoop, occaſions ſo many inconveniences to both Sexes, that I think it ought entirely to be aboliſhed, or reſtored to its original Deſign, which as it is ſtill retained among the formal *Spaniards* with little alteration, I here communicate for the Entertainement of the Curious.

"The *Spaniſh* Ladies ſome years ago wore a Farthingal of prodigious bigneſs. This Faſhion was extreamly incommodious to themſelves as well as to others; and the Doors of their Houſes were ſcarce wide enough to admit them. They were obliged on this account to leave it off entirely, except at Court in the Royal Preſence, and for general wear ſubſtituted in its room a kind of under veſtment, which, properly ſpeaking, is a young or little Farthingal. This is made of thick copper wire, in a circular form. About the Girdle, a number of Ribbons are faſtened, with which is tied a ſecond round of the ſame figure, but conſiderably wider, and depending lower than the firſt. Of theſe they have five or ſix Circles, reaching to the very ground, and diſtending their other Garments. Their Viſits are generally made in this Habit, and 'tis uſual on theſe Occaſions to preſent the Company with a ſilver Baſon of dried Sweetmeats, folded up in different papers, neatly cut, and gilt for that purpoſe. In one is contained a Plumb, in another a Cherry or Apricot, and ſo on. By this means they may ei-

ther eat upon the spot, or carry away what quantity they please, without danger of soiling their Pockets. Some Ladies do both, and after regaling on these *delicates*, till they are almost ready to burst, cram what remains into four or five Handkerchiefs. These Handkerchiefs are then tied round their little Farthingal, which seems from this Account to be nothing more in *Spain* than a kind of double Pocket, and may be tied indifferently, with the addition of a few hooks, for the suspension of all sorts of Butcher's Meat, Poultry, *&c.*"

Though our Ladies of Fashion in *England* have not yet introduced this Custom, some of our female *Canaille* have borrowed the Hint, and many a valuable piece of stolen Goods has been found secreted within the rotundity of this Machine.—*Sally Smuggle*, a Cousin of mine, once freighted her Hoop, on board an Indiaman, with such an immoderate Cargo of Tea, China, Ware, Nankeens and Allibanies, that in her descent to the Boat, her tender Frame was unable to support what would have furnished a little Shop, and down she tumbled into the Water. By good fortune, the heavier commodities, disengaging themselves from their confinement, subsided to the bottom: and the whalebone circles were of singular service in buoying her up, and permitting her to float upon

upon the surface, by which means we saved her from a watery Death.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

G. S.

N° 22. *Saturday, October 18, 1760.*

Speculum Vitæ.

The Looking Glass of Life.

Yesterday spent the Evening with my Friend *Jack Tattle*, who has for some time expressed an inclination to introduce me to his Sister, because she longed to be acquainted with the PRATER. She received me with all the Freedom and Familiarity of an old Acquaintance (for the Tattle family never knew what Reserve was) and soon began to entertain me with the relation of a Visit she made the Day before to one of her female Intimates, lately married, and just arrived from her honeymoon's Ramble. The detail of this Visit I shall communicate for the benefit of those young Ladies who are never contented, and yet don't know what they would have.

"You know Miss *Wishfort*, Brother, said she, and have often heard me say, how she was idoli-

zed

ned by her Father and Mother, who made it the Study of their Lives to gratify her most fantastical Whims and capricious Inclinations.—As this young Lady, Mr. BARRET, had not a very inviting Person, and was very humourſome, ſhe had not a multitude of Admirers: though as Mr. *Wiſeſort* is known to be rich, he received and rejected a great many offers for his Daughter. At laſt Mr. *Supple*, a young Gentleman of good Character and Fortune, was propoſed by his Uncle, who wanted to ſee him ſettled. He ſaw the Lady, made no Objections to her, and they were ſoon after married. I then thought my Friend might be happy if ſhe had but a Man who would give her her own Way; and waited impatiently to pay my congratulatory Viſit, at her return to *London*. I happened unluckily to be extremely ill, when ſhe firſt ſaw Company, and went yeſterday to her, fully expecting to have found her the gayeſt Creature breathing, as I knew ſhe had always diſcovered an immoderate propenſity to be married, and had frequently fretted herſelf ſick, to ſee other Girls have Lovers when ſhe had none. But, to my infinite ſurprize, I found her ſitting in her Dreſſing-Room, at Seven in the Evening, not adorned with the neatneſs and elegance of a Bride, but in her Bed-Gown and Slippers, with her Cap half off, and her Hair about her Ears. She roſe to receive me with a melancholy Air, and cried, Ah, *Bell*. I am married!—I know you

are

ago, my Dear, ſaid I, and am come to pay my Compliments to you on the joyful Occaſion. — I have no Joy, cried ſhe, [illegible] I'm the moſt unhappy of Women. — I am very ſorry to hear you ſay ſo, replied I; what can have made ſo diſagreeable a Change in your Situation? you ſeemed to like Mr. *Supple* very well when he made his Addreſſes to you. — Aye, ſaid ſhe, I knew but little of him then, and thought it would be a fine thing to be married, to have a vaſt quantity of fine Cloaths made in the neweſt Faſhion; to be covered with Jewels; to have a Houſe and a Coach of my own, and to go every where without having my Mamma tagging after me. — But it's all over — I have ſhewn myſelf to all my Acquaintance, nay to all the World, for I have been to all the public Diverſions twice over in different Dreſſes, and now I am weary of every *Thing* and every Creature. — Well, all this I expected, ſaid I, and ſhould have thought you very undeſerving of the Man you have married, if you had placed your whole Happineſs in Equipage and Dreſs. — Mr. *Supple*, added I, ought to be your only Delight, as I don't doubt but he merits the higheſt Eſteem. — Mr. *Supple* cried ſhe, (lifting up her Hands and Eyes) aye Child — one may ſee plainly you have never been married — you talk as if you knew nothing of the Matter. *He*, all my delight! — O how groſly are you miſtaken. Why he is nothing — a meer Chip in Porridge:

she has not the least notion of any thing, no taste at all; and though I have been these five weeks beating it into him, I am never the nearer. Will you believe me my Dear, I have had three different sets of Furniture in this Drawing Room already, and though they were all so sweetly fancied, that I was half distracted about the choice of them, that stupid Soul looked at them with as much indifference, as if he had been staring at a great stack of Hay in the Country. Nay, I dare swear, he would have thought that a much finer Sight.— Why, may be he would, said I, but did you not know that he wanted Taste before you married him? O, no, cried she, the Man was always well dress'd, civil, and did as he was bid by my Papa and Mama; I did not mind him, and as he made a mighty fuss about me, they approved of the Match, and as I longed to be my own Mistress, I consented. —— Well, and is his Affection for you abated do you think? said I, — O no, cried she, He is fulsome enough. —— Well then, said I, have you discovered any disagreeable qualities in him? — No Child, cried she, I tell you I have discovered no qualities at all. I fancied there was a mighty deal of pleasure in a married Life, but how wretchedly am I disappointed? Yet I can't say the Man has any Faults neither — in short, he is nothing at all. —— What, has he no Talent for Conversation? said I. — Lard, no Child, said she, I don't know what you call conversation, but

But I will tell you how he [illegible] [illegible] and rides [illegible] Thing is wholeſome, and [illegible] to correct his Humours, and improve his Mind, as he ſays.——All this is very rational, ſaid I, and more Women would be extremely glad of ſuch a regular Husband.—Aye, *may be ſo*, ſaid ſhe; he may be very rational for aught I know; but he ſpends his Time, in my Opinion, very ſtupidly.—Well, but while he is thus employed, ſaid I, you have Liberty to divert yourſelf with paying and receiving Viſits among your Acquaintance. —Liberty! cried ſhe, Liberty, Child! Yes, indeed, with the Fortune I brought, Miſs [illegible] I *may* have Liberty to go where I pleaſe, and [illegible] I will: but have I not told you that I have been every where, and ſeen every thing, that 'tis all over and over again, and that 'tis inſipid to the laſt degree: yet you would inſinuate that I have but [illegible] Liberty to do as I pleaſe. O! I ſhould be glad to ſee him dare to offer to hinder me.— I would *ſoon* let him ſee who would get the better.——But, my dear Mrs. *Supple*, ſaid I, ready to laugh in her face at the violent Hurry ſhe put herſelf into, Why all this eagerneſs about nothing? You are your own Miſtreſs; you married to be your own Miſtreſs you know; I only congratulated you on

having

having a Man of so easy a Disposition, who if he cannot give you much pleasure, has no desire to controul you.—Controul me, cried she hastily, *He* controul me? No, no— he has [illegible] entertain'd the most distant thought of controuling me. —No, no, my dear *Bell*, I will take care to prevent that, and keep my Liberty, I warrant you.— I will take care to let him know, I am not to be made a Dupe of, a Slave, a Houſhold Drudge, to come and go when and where he pleaſes.— Here, *Betty*, bring my Things to dreſs immediately — I will go out, and if your Maſter comes in, ſay you don't know where I am gone, but when I ſhall come home, I'll try if he dares to controul *me*. — But my dear Child, ſaid I, why ſhould you imagine he has any ſuch intention? you quite miſtake what I have ſaid; why will you put yourſelf into this flutter for nothing? — O cried ſhe, you have rouzed me; I have not had ſo much ſpirit ſince I have been married — you have done me a vaſt deal of good; I thank you, my dear, *Bell*, pray call again the firſt opportunity, for I muſt go out now. ——I ſtaid a little, and endeavor'd to reaſon with this unaccountable Woman, but to no purpoſe. The Idea which I had innocently put in her Head of her Huſband's offering to reſiſt her Will, had raiſed her Spirits as much too high as they were before too low, because ſhe had no reliſh for the valuable tranquility ſhe might have enjoyed. — She

was

was determin'd to run distractedly any where to change the Scene: I was therefore obliged to leave her, but intend to make another effort to bring her to Reason; though I am afraid I shall not meet with Success; for if a Woman cannot be happy within a Span of Mr. *Supple*'s Way of Thinking, she will never receive any benefit from my Admonitions.

I thanked Miss *Tattle* for entertaining me so agreeably, and told her I was afraid there were too many of her Sex, and my own too, who want they know not what, and complain they know not why.

To Nicholas Bevelie, *Esq.*

Silver-Street, Golden-Square.

SIR,

Papa bid me send the inclosed:—But you are certainly a very odd sort of an old man, you rail so much against the young Girls, that positively there's no bearing it: Why in the name of goodness may we not wear our pretty Bell-hoops (which you vulgarly call Farthingals) as well as your little dapper Fellows their Bob-tails and Pig tails? Well, sure there is no animal in the world more whimsical than an Old Batchelor; but if you'll take a young Girl's advice, (and I am not ashamed to say a smart Girl too) treat the Ladies with more politeness, or you and all the

family

family of the *Babbles* will die a pack of ſilly Old Batchelors. Farewel, and take a hint from

Your

Fanny Sweet-

"Your Correſpondent of the ninth inſtant, appears to be in the ſame league againſt the makers of Optical Inſtruments, as the makers of Optical Inſtruments are in againſt the ingenious Mr. *Benjamin Martin*. Had he indeed made uſe of the Inſtruments he is pleaſed to decry, he might have diſcovered ſome uſes which he has not mentioned, and might have ſeen ſome defects in his declamation he is not at preſent ſenſible of. 'Tis in defence of the whole Trade, or rather in defence of their Cuſtomers, that I now take pen in hand againſt your Correſpondent: and hope that I ſhall, by the meer dint of argument, perſuade him to honour his Noſtrils with a pair of Spectacles, and arm his hand with an Opera Glaſs.

He who attentively conſiders the great benefits which mankind enjoy from their Sight, will certainly acknowledge that every attempt to increaſe and preſerve it, ought to meet with the greateſt encouragement. Thoſe who are ſo ſullen as not to own the greatneſs of this bleſſing, need only put out one of their eyes to be convinced of it. But, as I imagine there are few of this *perverſe make*, I ſhall make uſe of no more arguments to convince them. The great benefits which mankind

kind have enjoyed ſince the introduction of Glaſſes, are too great to be [illegible], [illegible] forgotten, and too conſiderable to be [illegible]. A good Sight is by means of theſe Inſtruments preſerved, a weak one corrected, and an [illegible] one very much ſtrengthened. To the Glaſſes we are not only ſerviceable to the ſhort-ſighted, but likewiſe to thoſe who can ſee at a diſtance. They are equally uſeful to the old and to the young. I muſt acknowledge with Mr. *Ayſcough*, that optical Inſtruments, or Viſual Glaſſes, have not arrived to their utmoſt perfection, nor have they been applied to ſuch uſeful purpoſes as they deſerve. With a very little alteration in their preſent Conſtruction they might be made of more extenſive ſervice, and beneficial to all ranks and conditions of mankind. [illegible] in a ſummary manner to name a few particular Advantages ariſing from the uſe of theſe Glaſſes, the [illegible] *Ethical*, and the [illegible].

The political Glaſs is conſtructed on the principles of the modern Teleſcope, as improved by *Mr. Ayſcough*, and to be made uſe of both by ſea or land, by day or by night, in a calm or a ſtorm. The *French* miniſtry have been long in poſſeſſion of an Inſtrument of this kind, and the King of *Pruſſia* has either ſtolen it, or conſtructed one on the ſame principles with ſome farther improvements. 'Tis ſaid that it was owing to the uſe of this, that he diſcovered the [illegible]

tween the *Russians* and *Austrians*; and was enabled to be provided against the Storm with which his Electoral Dominions and the Liberties of the *Germanic* Body were threatened by the Emperor.

The Politicians of our own Country have long been so very short-sighted, that I would advise them to make use of this Instrument; for no other can make them see clearly the true Interests of their Country.

The Ethereal Perspective is constructed on principles entirely new; and if it could once recommend itself to the Great, might tend to the honour and support of this Nation. Viewed thro' this Glass, Knavery, Dissimulation and Fraud appear in their true forms: Gold and Embroidery afford no Charms, Diamonds and Jewels emit no ray, the Crown and the Star lose all their lustre and pomp; but when the Perspective is turned to Virtue, her charms immediately irradiate on the Mind, seize on the Soul with a pleasing violence, and raise such longings in the bosom, as none but the friends of Virtue can know, none, but the friends of Virtue can describe.

The amorous Perspective is constructed on the same Principles as the common Opera Glass, and is highly proper for grown-up persons.

Eutrus, who thought his Lady was more beautiful than *Venus*, when he viewed her by his unassisted Sight, was very much surprized when at the Play he looked at her through one of these Glasses.

The

The Vermillion, which he before thought the effect of virgin blood and unconscious health, appear'd the offspring of art, her eye-brows, which he look'd on as pencil'd by nature, then appear'd the spoils of the mole, and her snowy teeth the product of the elephant. All her charms appear'd to be borrowed, and all her natural defects, tho' hid under the plasterings of paint, shewed themselves to the afflicted eye. The old bachelor, who has in vain sighed his Douceurs to the fair one, and never been favoured with a Tete a Tete, by the assistance of his perspective can bring her as near him as he pleases, and (as an alleviation of his misfortunes) see all her faults magnify'd: the kind Husband, whose Wife, like his own self, embitters the pleasures of Life by being always *too near*, by a turn of the perspective can behold her at a *pleasing Distance*; and by a change of the Hand make his Mistress approach whenever he wishes to behold her.

I am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAMUEL SWEET.

Ad Cives.

DEFENSIO

MEDICORUM & ÆGROTANTIUM.

To the Public.

AN

ADDRESS

In Behalf of

PHYSICIANS and PATIENTS.

——— Quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. ———

THE Faculty of Physick have frequently, like their Betters, been the Cause or Subject of Wit in those who did not shine upon any other. And this, at times, when the Prejudice

dice againſt them may ſeem to have had a leſs reaſonable Foundation than at preſent, when the Admiſſion of illiberal and illiterate Men into all its Branches can have done no Service with the beſt Judges, and among thoſe, who do not diſtinguiſh, muſt have had a large Share in promoting the preſent Zeal for *Empiricism*. Yet, tho' the moderate Proportion (the collective Body of Reals and Nominals conſider'd) of Men of Science and Probity may appear, in ſome Degree, to favour the general Cenſure, aſſuredly, thoſe, who give Countenance and Encouragement to every bold Adventurer, have no reaſon to complain, when they fall into the Hands of the mercenary and ignorant.

This Zeal too might poſſibly be moderated, even upon the Principle which firſt excited it, if it was once underſtood, that NOSTRUMS in general are ſtolen from Phyſicians. Wrote indeed originally with a view to ſome particular Caſe, and variable perpetually as Caſes and Circumſtances vary. That no Phyſician who underſtands his Buſineſs ſticks to one *Form*, but by the Knowledge he has, or ſhould have, of the *Human Frame* in its natural and vitiated ſtates, making a Judgement of the Diſeaſe, ſelects, from a general Stock of Medical Materials, the moſt ſuitable to the Intention, and adapts his Preſcription to the occaſion. That, beſides (however unattainable an univerſal acquaintance with it may be) it is the conſtant

conſtant and early Care of every Phyſician of Character aſſiduouſly to enquire into the Nature and Properties of Medicine, and (previouſly to, as well as intermediately with his own) to ſtudy and compare the Practice of every Age and Country.

This is the honeſt and plain Proceeding in the fair and regular way. And to this Truth, many Men of the beſt Fortune and Erudition in the Kingdom can witneſs, whoſe words too may be taken, when a Profeſſor will be ſuſpected of Partiality. From this method, however, of application and enquiry, ariſes the Variety in common Preſcription; but this Variation is taken for a mark of *Fallibility*, and nothing leſs than *infallible* will go down.

The Thing therefore ſucceeds better in the Hands of thoſe whoſe *Ignorance* gives them the neceſſary *Confidence*, and, who, not knowing how to make Diſtinctions and Objections, adminiſter, in all Caſes, alike, without Diſtruſt or Remorſe; and, what is, indeed, unlucky, without a Remedy too, in Caſe of Failure.

Others, as little knowing as themſelves, ſwallow the *Drug* and the *Fraud* together, and, being aſhamed to own they are bit, conceal the Conſequences of Miſ-application. Thus, thro' falſe Modeſty, and falſe Pretences, is the World impoſed on, and a Set of Men, who have labour'd to make themſelves uſeful, robbed of the Reputa-

tion

tion they have endeavour'd to deſerve, and the Public, [illegible] of a ſenſible Advertiſement, as if Study and [illegible] were hindrances to the acquiſition of [illegible] Knowledge, or ſhould, as [illegible] ſays,

"Make Light unactive, dull and [illegible],
"Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet."

It is not, indeed, to be wonder'd at, if ſome of better Judgement ſhould in long and deſperate Caſes, thro' Impatience, Example or Perſuaſion, catch at a plauſible Advertiſement. Yet, here, an honeſt Phyſician would tell them what to expect. To ſuch, therefore, as capable of Conviction, the Rationale of the thing is offer'd; for to the ſenſible part of mankind we would refer our Cauſe; in itſelf we hope, a good one, whatever the Defence may be.

One Thing however, if it proceeds as it has begun, may chance to give a check to this Empirical Reign, which is the Application of the Ladies, to the Study of Medicine. Theſe fair Practitioners, (pardon the equivocal Term) have ſo ſhorten'd the introductory Methods, that, with the help of *Culpepper* and *Quincy*, a young Woman of eighteen, after the Toothing of her firſt Child, or an Old Maid, who has ſtudied the Theory, ſhall diſpute any Point in Phyſick or Midwifry, with the ableſt Profeſſor. How far they propoſe dipping into the Preliminary Sciences I know not, but am aſſured from ſome of them,

they

they are all very easy. Yet, pity it were, conſidering the little Time they have to ſpare, any Part of it, for want of neceſſary Directions, ſhould be waſted in unprofitable Reſearches. A ſhort Catalogue, therefore, of the proper Authors, would be no unuſeful Appendix to a Lady's Library, and I ſhould think a young Anatomiſt, with Talents and Leiſure, might, under ſuch Auſpices, find agreeable and advantageous Employment.

Till this Improvement ſhall have taken Place, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the Practice of the Sex was originally confin'd to the modeſt Plea of doing no Harm. Nor was this Plea always juſt, if it be conſidered, that, (beſides their playing ſometimes with edged Tools) the trifling with a Caſe is doing hurt, by the Excluſion of a more rational and effectual method. And, indeed, there is no abſurdity of the moſt dark and ſuperſtitious age of People, which they will not recommend; but this is not all. They now ſtrike bolder Strokes, and diſpenſe with liberal Hands, the moſt powerful and dangerous Medicines in the Shops, *Mercury* and *Antimony*; but only, as they ſay, where the Phyſician cannot cure. I beg pardon, for remarking that it is now become almoſt the eſtabliſh'd Vogue to do the Thing, without conſulting any Phyſician, or rather to prevent his being conſulted at all.

Concerning

Concerning the use of both these Medicines, and the real or pretended advantages of [illegible] that Class, it is to be noted, that there are many Preparations of either, unknown to those who are conversant with the Chemistry of the Ancients and the Practice of the two last Centuries; which, indeed, at Times, they had a Mind to Run, and tho' the Experiments were to be made at the Expence of the publick Safety, owing to them we, in a great Measure, owe our present Knowledge and Confirmation that Head. Nor have not there been wanting even to this Day, who in Defiance of all Experience and admonition, have made a comfortable Subsistence by the Exhibition of such Medicines, as honest and understanding Men knew and avoided. I have heard, indeed, of one Professor of a Secret, and but one, who has the least Title to the invention of his own Remedy, and Honesty and Judgment sufficient (if his Friends say true) to make proper Exceptions. Whatever may be the Merit of the Discovery, it has been, now, long enough in the Hands of those, whose management would destroy the Credit of any Medicine.

The *Mercurials*, prudently and skilfully administred, are found to have noble Effects, in many Disorders, which will not give way to other Methods. These Effects are, likewise, under proper Regimen, and Restrictions, brought about with sufficient Ease and Safety to the Patient.

But what have they to answer for, who, without Knowledge of the Nature of the Remedy, or how to prevent any ill Consequences, will venture to give it in all Diseases? [illegible] Distempers are of a much more uncertain Operation; and [illegible] having been tried and examined a thousand ways, by Chemical and Practical Experiments, have been, except a few of the milder Preparations, almost universally rejected, by those, who make a Conscience of risquing Men's Lives. Not, in general from their want of Efficacy, but because of their violent, and frequently uncontroulable Effects, wherever they take a wrong Turn. If these Considerations will have no influence, upon the tender and humane Part of the Species, all Preaching, indeed, is vain. Nor will it be possible, by all that can be said, to prevent the rending weak Constitutions to pieces, by *antimonial Panaceas*, the giving *Mercurials* in shatter'd Lungs, or strangling Infants with [illegible]

[illegible] Things, indeed as present, are situated, no one has [illegible] to do with the sick Person, as the Physician, who, if he chuses to be over-awed by Modesty, or biass'd by Indolency, does hazard in five times, direct the Thing he intended. The Consequence of this Compliance I leave to be consider'd, by those, to whom it is paid; as, what is Matter of Triumph too them, all the World must acquiesce in. Mean while, the Security and

and Intrepidity, with which they [illegible] their Friends and Acquaintance may [illegible] your ſerious Reflection, the [illegible] under [illegible] Appearance [illegible] Miſtakes, which may affect, if not [illegible] their Parents.

[illegible]

NUMB. XXXIII. Saturday, [illegible]

Filial Ingratitude! — Is't not as [illegible]
As if this Mouth ſhould tear this Hand
For lifting Food to't? [illegible]

To the AUTHOR of the PRATER.

SIR,

YOU may remember, perhaps, that during the hot Preſs for Seamen in the Month of [illegible] *laſt*, a profligate Girl, the Daughter of a poor, but honeſt and induſtrious [illegible] at ſome reprimand or correction ſhe had [illegible] from him, informed a Preſs-Gang where he was concealed, who ſoon ſecured him for his Majeſty's Service, and hurried him under the Hatches. This unnatural action ſtruck me with horror, and led me to conſider what could be the reaſon of the diſobedience of Children to their Parents. — I laid down the *Gazetteer*, in which I read the ſhocking

Paragraph, with no ſmall emotion, went home, and communicated his reflections on it to paper. To them I have now made a conſiderable addition, which they may be read with attention, and ſeriouſly regarded by all young People who have a propenſity to ſlight parental Admonitions, and diſobey parental Commands.

I know not well how to account for a Crime which is contrary to the order of Nature, and the expreſs command of GOD, and by which the Happineſs of Society is very much diſturbed. I am inclined to believe, that too much or too little ſeverity in the Parent, often is the cauſe of perverſeneſs, or ſtubbornneſs, in the Child; that an unreaſonable partiality and affection for one Child more than another, and an incautious behaviour to them, on occaſions, thoſe [illegible] ſpring up in their minds. But Parents are chiefly to be blamed for neglecting the religious part of the education of their Children, without which all other parts are vainly encouraged. To what purpoſe are they taught to underſtand thoroughly the Greek and Roman Languages, and to be verſed in the fine Sciences, if they are not acquainted with the Duty they owe to GOD, their Parents, their Neighbours, and themſelves? On theſe four points, theſe very important points, the doctrines of Chriſtianity entirely depend; and if they were early and properly inſtilled into the Minds of Children,

dren,

Sermon, to shew a fine suit of Cloaths, to display a diamond Ring on a white hand, to hear a Voluntary, and to make an Assignation — an Assignation did I say? I tremble to think that a Place set apart for the performance of the most awful Rites, should be frequented for the most infamous purposes.

If an untutored Indian was carried from a Playhouse to a Church, he would probably, from attending only to the objects around him, and their behaviour, imagine there was no great difference between them. But if he was informed that one Place was dedicated to Pleasure, and the other to Devotion, he would undoubtedly be ready to laugh with propriety in the first, and pray with fervor, and sincerity in the last.

If Parents would consider attentively the importance of Religion to Youth, as it respects the good oeconomy of domestic and public affairs, they must own it would be for the interest and tranquility of themselves, their Children, and their Servants, to be well instructed in its several duties. Many Parents there are, who have improved the Morals of their Children, cultivating in their young Minds the seeds of Piety and Virtue, and are now enjoying the fruits of their Labor, and behold their Offspring smiling round them full of Virtue and Goodness, Gratitude and Duty.

In order to encourage my juvenile Reader to behave well to those to whom, under GOD, he

is indebted for his Eminence, I will mention a remarkable instance of Piety in a Son to his Father, which happened about twenty years ago. A Jew named *Ishmael*, was thrown into the Prison of Dungeon in Spain, with his Father, who was a Rabbi. They had been confined together four years, when *Ishmael*, having made a hole, made shift to climb to the Battlements of the Tower; and, by means of some ropes he had provided, let himself down along the Wall with a great deal of hazard. When he arrived safe at the bottom, he could not but reproach himself for having abandoned his Father, and without considering that his Father and he would be tormented with several others in a manner at first very grievous, and with the most difficulty re-ascended the Tower, entered once more the horrid Dungeon, and after having dragged his aged Father down, conveyed him safely down, and then escaped himself.

I need not comment on this truly heroic action. If a Jew could be capable of so heroic, what are we to think of that Daughter who, though a Christian, basely betrayed her Father to Slavery?

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq;

SIR,

IF you can introduce the following Ode, I beg the favour of you to communicate it to the Public — I flatter myſelf, that you will comply with my Requeſt, becauſe the Verſes are on an *Engliſh* Lady, much celebrated for her muſical Performances.

Yours, &c.

J. H.

To the Memory of Miſs TURNER.

O Mem'ry from whoſe fountain flow
The penſive joy, the penſive woe,
How ſhort were pleaſure's gleam!
Didſt thou not heav'n deſcended Maid,
With ſweet remembrance' magick aid,
Prolong the ſoothing dream.

Then ev'ry affliction's keener pain,
Embitter'd in thy tyrant reign,
Thro' thee our ſorrows grow;
While (life's bright ſun with clouds o'ercaſt)
The envious ſenſe of pleaſures paſt,
Augments the preſent woe.

How dwells the fancy on each note!
That, trill'd from *Daphne*'s warbling throat,
Held mute th' attentive throng;

Whi

With Piety, and Truth,

Of Folly, Vice, and Pride.

Her Virtue for her Guide.

Numb. XXXIV. *Saturday, October 30, 1756.*

Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit, & auditis aliquid novus adjicit Auctor.
Ovid. Met. l. 12. v. 57.

A thorough-fare of news! where some devise
Things never heard: some mingle truth with lies.

To Nicholas Dassel, Esq.

Dear Cousin Dassel,

YOU will be surprised to receive a Letter from one who is a perfect stranger to you: but I am descended from that Branch of your Fa-

mily which settled in *France*, where we seemed too much haughtiness and [illegible] of troubling ourselves about our [illegible] should I now have solicited my [illegible] quaintance, but out of a sincere [illegible] of the Rock on which I have split, [illegible] danger he seems to be in, by venturing to [illegible] so public a manner. An example, however, is more forcible than precept, permit me to give you a short account of my Adventures. My Father *Louis Hautot de Bapillard* was born and educated in *France*, and brought up to be *un Marchand de Cheveux*, that is, what you in *England* vulgarly call a Barber: he understood the *accommodement* of a Gentleman's head better than any of his Countrymen, and no Lady was reckoned [illegible] unless she had been under the fingers of Monsieur *Babillard*, who, fired with the praises he daily received from all parts for his dexterity, panted to extend his Fame full farther, and knowing the prodigious passion the English have for all Foreigners, came over with his Family, and settled in the politest quarter of this City, when I was not above six years old. I came into the world with an immoderate propensity to chatter, which shewed itself very early, for I could talk fluently before I was a full twelvemonth old, and before I arrived to the age of four years, had been fifteen times whipped by my Mother, for whom, and another what passed between her and her Villain, of

whom she had a considerable number. When I was five years old, I narrowly escaped with life, for having discovered to my Mother an Amour which my Father had with a *Femme de Chambre*, they used to meet at a certain *Petit Maison* in the *Fauxbourgs*, where I silly followed him one day, and overhearing all their discourse, flew with the intelligence to my Mother, who immediately fell upon my Father, and he upon me, and beat me in such a manner that I could not stir for a week, though I was capable of talking all the time as fast as ever. When we arrived in *England*, my Father determined to put me to School till I was fit to learn his business, and there I exerted my talking talents to so violent a degree, that I soon became the by-word of the School—I was nick-named *Blab*, and I deserved it, for not a Boy could rob an Orchard, or take a Bird's Nest, but the whole neighbourhood rung of it: nay, in short, I was an universal Tell-tale, and so hated, that I was beat, kicked and thumped by every Boy in the School fifty times in a Day: yet I was still incorrigible; for when my Father took me home, I not only made mischief between him and my Mother and all the Neighbours, but betrayed the secrets of our own Family, telling all I could get to listen to me, that my Mother was no better than she should be; and that my Father being a Cuckold had left five Bastards behind him in *France*, and had three or four here: I told in

what

what manner we lived, upon Soup made only with a few dead Herbs which we picked from Dunghills, and now and then for Meat had a Sheep's Trotters. I told how my Father and I went into the Fields on a *Sunday* to look for Truffle-rooms, Dandelions, and Fragagoon for Sallads, and fished with a thread and crooked pin for Frogs in a Ditch, overgrown with Duck-weed which we brought home, and devoured greedily. At other times, I would boast of the splendor we lived in *France*, and tell People that my Father was the grand Monarch's chief Favourite, and that we only came here under the Notion of Dancers of Hair, but were really Spies and in the *French* King's Pay. But this Gasconade had so fatal an effect, that on the breaking out of the War my Father and I were arrested, and clapped into Prison, and had not some Ladies of Distinction interested themselves in our affairs, and released us, we might have lain there to this hour. No sooner, however, was my Father let at liberty than he died; not of any distemper, but of good living; for after the first three or four years he acquired so great a relish for roast and boiled Beef, strong Beer, Ale, Punch, &c. &c. and became such an immoderate devourer of all kinds of Pudding, that he fell a Martyr to his voracious appetite; and left me in possession of his Business, that is, the care of the fairest and whitest Heads in the Kingdom, out of which I might have got a very

very handsome livelihood, had I not been unfortunately of a talkative disposition, which at first recommended me vastly to the Ladies, as you will see by the following detail of one Day's business.

When I was most in vogue, I attended the Toilet of Lady *Betty Grizzle*, a young Lady about *fifty five*, at twelve o'Clock one Morning last Spring, and while I was clipping and crisping her venerable Locks, thus gave a vent to my garrulity. —— "A propos, Madame, ant your Ladyship not dat Miss *Bud*, de grand Beauté, who is but juste sixteen, be with Child by her Valet?" —O no, Monsieur, cried she, no, tell me how it was, I beseech you; well I am excessively glad of it; such young Flirts are always making themselves the jest of the Town: People say she is pretty, but for my part, I can't find out where her prettiness lies; her hair is as red as a Fox; I swear I can see it through all the Grey powder; or if not, one may smell her a mile: but *you* must know, Monsieur, she can't conceal these defects from *me*." —"No, Madam, cried I, no more can my Lady *Blink* her Glass-Eye, he, he, he." "O Gad, replied she, has Lady *Blink* a Glass-Eye? — well, I always thought she had a monstrous odd look: dear Monsieur, be quick: I must step out this Morning, to tell Miss *Tittle-Tattle* your News, it's so diverting: indeed Monsieur, you are a pure entertaining Creature: but mind what you are about, you Thing you, and

don't

shorter,

shorter, and I own I think a fine Hand and Arm as great a Beauty in a Man as in a Woman. "Sans doute, Monsieur, cried he, you have de Hand vite as de Snow; der be very few who can shew such a one me say; der be ma Lady *Fisk* as de most red Hand you ever see, for all the use de Almond Paste and a Cream, and hes in de Gloves; but nothing will make dem look so vite as yours."—"I swear by all that's good, Monsieur, cried my Lord, that I don't use the least bit of Art, but my Skin is naturally so soft and quite *transparent* I vow; Lady *Fisk*, indeed, is a great coarse thing, just like a Grenadier."—"Aye, begar, said I, she be forced to cover herself with pearl powder from de Head to de Toe, he, he, he."—"O he Monsieur, said my Lord, don't mention Toes, I entreat you, it makes me so sick—do, run to my closet, and fetch me some harthorn and water; I faint at the thoughts of Toes—O gad."——From this most elegant Senator I went to Miss *Bud*, who screamed out, "O dear *Beaufland*, you Creature you, where have you been all this Morning; I have fifty engagements on my hands, and can't stir because my Hair is in such disorder. Come, be quick, Monsieur, and to fill the Time tell me some News, "Begar, Madam, said I, me only know dat mi Lady *Betty Grizzle* is going to be married to her Foot-boy—dat be all."—"What can't the poor antiquated Soul get some other piece of a Man than

that

that little Brat who runs before her Chair, he he he ——, sure there is a great scarcity of Men indeed—Lard! what shall ye do, Monsieur? Well but you are a good Thing, your News is always true, and is really new; for, let me die, if I ever heard it before."—When I had done here, I hurried away to Lady *Blind*'s, whose first question was, whether I did not curl the grey Locks of old Lady *Betty Grizzle*."—"O no, Madam, cried I laughing, I attend my Lady ven she be to go abroad, to make believe that she ave de good hair; but begar she ave none at all, her head be vat you call *Bald*."—"Sure Monsieur, cried Lady *Blind*, can you be serious; has she no Hair at all, not a single Hair —begar my Lady, said I, not one"—Well, said she, that's charming, and I never had heard so before indeed, but I hate to credit every idle story; I love to wink at People's defects, but not to have a single Hair is a fad thing, a very sad thing I protest.—Well, but I am glad you have told me, that all that kind of thing is false; I'll go as soon as I am dressed, and tell Mrs. *Lashaway* that she is not grey, for she would have lay'd a considerable Sum that she was not a Badger, when the poor Woman has not a grey Hair—Ha, ha, ha."

All these Ladies and his Lordship fulfilled their Promises, and told in all Companies what I had repeated merely to gratify my intolerable itch of Prating, which at last raised such a Clamour

among

mong them, and discovered so many secrets, that several Ladies fell into Fits, and I lost all my Business. Every one now avoids me as if I should communicate the Plague; and I must actually starve, or return to *France*, which is almost the same thing, except you will take my Case into Consideration, and for his Warnings be generous enough to provide for

Your most sincerely devoted Cousin,
& tres humble Serviteur,

LEWIS HAUTON DE BABILLARD.

Numb. XXXV. and last. *Saturday, Nov. 6, 1756.*

Yet Good-Nature o'er our Mirth presside,
Divert not check, without impelling guide.
Allur'd by this the gath'ring frown subsides,
The Laugh grows general, and e'en Ills are Friends.
Touch'd with this trickling balm, fair Virtue wakes,
And genr'ous Satire heals the Wounds it makes.

W. WHITEHEAD.

I WAS last Night amusing myself with Lucian's Account of Menippus's Journey to the Moon, where he supposes every thing lost on Earth to be treasured up. This whimsical Ac-

count

"belong, whoſe loſſes have [illegible], and have "been treaſured up in our Repoſitory; hear and "attend: This Day is appointed for you to "come and demand them." After he had repeated this Speech three times very diſtinctly, a prodigious thick Vapour roſe from the Ground, and I immediately heard a ſtrange noiſe, like the cackling of Geeſe, only fifty times louder, which, as it approached to my Ears, almoſt ſtunned them; this Noiſe proceeded from what I at firſt took for a Fog, but I ſoon found it came from the Inhabitants of the Earth flying up in flocks to recover their loſſes. When they arrived at the Door of the Repoſitory, ſuch crowds of them ruſhed in with ſo much eagerneſs, that I could not without the greateſt difficulty make my way after them. At laſt, however, the Porter, ſeeing my perplexity, good-naturedly admitted me, thro' his own Lodge, into the *Great Room*, in which the Crowds I had obſerved without, were running up and down with a wildneſs in their looks, and demanding with impetuoſity the things they came in queſt of. As there was for ſome minutes nobody to anſwer their interrogatories, they ſeemed to be in the utmoſt confuſion. An inner Door, at length opened.——A majeſtic Perſonage, in a flowing Robe, appeared: By the Enſigns ſhe bore, I knew her to be JUSTICE. She was attended by two Figures; one of them I ſoon diſcovered to be TRUTH, and the other

IMPARTIALITY: the former was dressed in a ſnowy Veſtment, and waved a Mirror in her Hands; the latter ſtood with a compoſed air, and neither turned her Eyes to the right nor the left. I was told by the Porter, that it was the Buſineſs of IMPARTIALITY to deliver things to the right Owners of them, after they had been ſhewn to JUSTICE by TRUTH. The Porter then ordered the Crowd to diſperſe, and IMPARTIALITY aſked the Perſon who happened to be neareſt to her, and who was a man about three-ſcore, what his Name was, and what he had loſt? — What I have been ſearching for all my life, replied he, a *Place at Court*; I am called Sir *Vanity Idle*. *Impartiality* then applied to *Truth*, who gave her a Packet with this Gentleman's name, over which was written, in capital letters, TIME, which was all they could find with his Mark, and *Truth* declared he never had any thing elſe to loſe. This provoked him ſo much, that he left the place in a paſſion. The next was a middle-aged Man, of ſome eminence in the Law, who came to recover a Cauſe he had loſt for his Client, by which his ſaid Client was to have got 500*l.* and his own Bill would have come to twice that ſum. *Juſtice* looked at him ſternly, and *Truth* delivered to him a ſmall pacquet marked HONESTY, which he rejected with the utmoſt contempt, ſaying, he had never been poſſeſs'd of it. A long lean figure, then ſqueezed through the

the Crowd in a threadbare Suit of Black, tattered Linnen, and an old Tye-Wig, (with not a crooked Hair in it) which he took off in attempting to reach *Impartiality*, demanded with some vehemence his Patron's favour, having, as he supposed, lost it, as he did not support his last Tragedy, but suffer'd it to be damn'd. *Impartiality* gave him a very small Box, with REASON wrote upon it, and told him, he was mistaken about his Patron, who was the first to cry down his performance; but that the Box contained what he had lost many Years ago. The Bard seized it eagerly, but in going out, dropped it, and the crowd was so pressing, he could not find it again: one of the Company, pitying his rueful figure, picked up his Wig, and tossed it to him; and he marched off in a hurry with the hind part of it before, to the no small diversion of the Bystanders. A great noise, occasioned by a multitude of female Voices then alarmed me, each contending who should speak first, but as no one would give her Neighbour the preference, they all opened at once. *Justice* interrupted them, and ordered that only one should speak at a time. —Mrs. *Flurry*, with great vehemence, demanded her Temper, which was readily restored to her in a fine China Jar; but, as she was carrying it off, she was unfortunately jostled, and letting it fall out of her Hands, lost her Temper, for the Jar was broken.—Miss *Never-blush* asked for her Mo-

Modesty, and other feminine qualities, but was laughed out of them before she got down to the Earth.—Lady *Dye Lovelock* came to look for her Beauty, and a charming figure she made when it was restored to her, but she thought herself so pale when compared with those who were covered with *Rouge*, that she soon lost it again.—Miss *Lofty* asked for her *Humility*, which being deliver'd to her in a plain case without any ornament, the sight of it so much disgusted her, that she flung it away.—Mrs. *Languish* desired her *Health*, which was offered to her in a beautiful crystal Phial, with a Label, on which these Words TEMPERANCE and EXERCISE were written: She bore it off, but was so excessively fatigued with the weight of it, that in all probability she would soon let it drop.—Miss *Lofty* demanded her *Reputation*, but was told that when a Woman had lost her Reputation, it could never be restored.—When this crowd of importunate Ladies was dismissed, a little weasel-faced old Man, whom I thought I recollected, with much throttling and many peevish shrugs, made his way to the Throne of JUSTICE.—My old Friend, who said *Things were not so bad thirty years ago*.—TRUTH asked him what he wanted? he answer'd hastily, and in a fret, my *Quiet*: but IMPARTIALITY said it was a mistake, and that he had only lost his *Good Humour*, which she offer'd to him; but he made half a dozen Pha's, and

and turned upon his heel. I then looked sharp expecting to see many more of my Acquaintance, but the crowd thicken'd so much, and there was such a confused number of Voices, that I could only make a shift to hear, that an eminent Citizen came to look for his *Popularity* when he had lost his *Integrity*; and a Sea-Officer for the *Favour* of the Ministry, when he had lost his *Courage*.—Night now came on apace. IMPARTIALITY dispersed the crowd by ordering them, at the command of JUSTICE, to withdraw till next Morning.—I had then leisure to examine the Repository with attention, and received a great deal of Entertainment, as I met with the names of many of my Acquaintance. There was a huge Jar, which contained *Sam. Olive*'s Conscience, by which I guessed how he had got a *Place* by selling Pickles; close by it stood, in an exceeding small Box, his Wife's Knowledge of the World. There was Lady *Charlotte Whirligig*'s Blushes in a little japan'd Patch-Box, and Miss *Giddy*'s Reflection in a China Bottle, and near them a large leaden Pot full of the old *British* Spirit. There was Sir *Harry Squander*'s conjugal Affection folded up in a Money-Bag, and *Dicky Dyelip*'s Brains in a cambrick Handkerchief. There were the Hearts of half the Women of my Acquaintance, encircled with Gold and Silver Lace, Sword-Knots, Feathers, Cockades, Ribbons and Garters: and near them lay a large Bundle called

Taste,

[illegible] with ſeveral Caſes of [illegible] Honour, Generoſity, Humanity, [illegible] with an immenſe quantity [illegible] which my Intelligencer told me [illegible] for. I ſaw the names of many people [illegible] for Wits and Geniuſſes upon Earth, [illegible] aſtoniſh Mankind were they publiſhed; [illegible] think myſelf at liberty to make ſuch [illegible], nor am I inclined to prejudice ſo many [illegible] the opinion of the World. There were [illegible] Characters of a multitude of Females [illegible] Libels and Lampoons, and the diſcretion of half the World.——While I was peeping [illegible], I happened to ſtumble upon a neat [illegible] Words, in very large Characters, *The ruſtic Wit and Humour of* NICHOLAS BA[illegible], *Eſq.* I was ſo much confounded at the ſight of theſe Words, not being in the leaſt conſcious of having loſt thoſe choice commodities, that I waked in a great fright, in which I bid adieu to the Town; and whether I ſhall ever be again the Man I have been, I cannot poſſibly determine.

FINIS.

THE PREFACE.